THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1925.

COUSIN ROBERT.

Oh, Cousin Robert, far away
Among the lands of gold,
How many years since we two met?
You would not like it told.

Oh, Cousin Robert, buried deep
Amid your bags of gold,
I dreamt of you but yesternight,
Just as you were of old.

You own whole leagues—I, half a rood
Behind my quiet door:
You have your lacs of gold rupees,
And I my children four.

Your tall barques dot the dangerous seas,
My "ship's come home"—to rest
Safe anchored from the storms of life
Upon one faithful breast.

And it would cause nor start, nor sigh,
Nor thought of doubt or blame,
If I should teach our little son,
Our Cousin Robert's name.

That name—however wide it rings,
I oft think, when alone,
I rather would have seen it graved
Upon a church-yard stone—

Upon the white sunshiny stone
Where Cousin Alick lies;
Ah, sometimes woe to him that lives!
And blessed he that dies!

Oh, Cousin Robert, hot, hot tears,
Though not the tears of old,
Drop, thinking of your face last night,
Your hand's pathetic fold:

A young man's face—so like, so like
Our mothers' faces fair;
A young man's hand, so firm to hold,
So resolute to dare.

I thought you good—I wished you great;
You were my hope, my pride:
To know you good, to make you great,
I once had happy died;

To tear the plague-spot from that heart,
Place honor on that brow,
See old age come in crowned peace,
I almost would die now;

Would give—all that's now mine to give,
To have you sitting there,
The Cousin Robert of my youth—
A beggar with gray hair.

Oh, Robert, Robert, some that live
Are dead, long ere grown old:
Better the pure heart of our youth
Than palaces of gold.

Better the blind faith of our youth
Than doubt, which all truth braves:
Better to mourn—God's children dear,
Than laugh—the devil's slaves.

Oh, Robert, Robert, life is sweet,
And love is countless gain,
Yet if I think of you, my heart
Is stabbed with sudden pain:

And so in peace this holy eve
I close our Christmas-doors,
And kiss good-night o'er sleeping heads—
Such bonny curls! like yours—

I fall upon my bended knees
With sobs that choke each word—
*"On those who err and are deceived
Have mercy, oh, good* LORD!"

Original Novelet.

UNCLE WOLFE.

A STORY OF THE OLD PARSONAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

I.

I was only a child when I lost my mother, and brother Wilfred was but two years my senior. Nearly all my life had been passed in the British West Indies. After his marriage, my father had carried his young bride to the beautiful English isle, Barbadoes, and there my brother and myself were born. My earliest recollections are of the gorgeous birds and flowers, towering palms and azure skies of that delightful clime. We resided on an estate that had once been the plantation of an English officer. I can recall vividly the soft lawns, the massive banyan trees, and the immense golden fruit that hung from the boughs of the shaddock tree. The fruits of the tropics seem still more delicious to me than those of this colder clime though I dearly love both; and my heart throbs when I hear a kindly voice saying, "I came from Barbadoes."

One season the dreaded cholera raged in that fated island, and my father was the first victim to its deadly ravages. From the hour that he was buried, my mother never smiled.—In one year from that time she returned to America, bowed down with grief and disease. I was eight, my brother a few months over ten, when we landed in Philadelphia. My mother had many relatives, brothers, sisters and cousins, and we remained first sojourning in one family, then in another, till we had made the tour of our relationship. Then my mother bought a little house in the suburbs, and, wan and weakly, employed her time in educating Wilfred and myself.

My poor, pale mother! she was not long spared to us. The death-light was in her eye, its fire burned in her cheek, and it was pitiful to all beside us thoughtless children to see her fade so swiftly, so surely. We had been settled but two years in our dear little home when God wrote us motherless. My brother and myself were wakened in the dead hour of night, and sleepily wondering, led to the chamber where the gentle mother was bidding farewell to earth. Never, to my dying day, shall I forget the tone in which she said, "Poor orphaned lambs!" And then, lifting her hands imploringly heavenward, she prayed as only those who see this world in the light of the hereafter, can pray.

My brother's grief was violent in the extreme. I glanced at my black clothes, and found a nook in which to weep and sob quietly, my sobs growing more convulsive as I heard my brother's passionate cries. Oh, that funeral!—The solemn, weeping faces! the feeling that we were alone! Oh, the going over the still house, hand in hand, wondering if it were not, after all, a frightful dream, and we not yet awakened. Oh, the grave! the chant! the funeral service! Blessed are those children whose young eyes are spared such sights, for they gloom a lifetime.

Poor Wilfred and I! we refused to be comforted, save by each other. We felt that we must forsake the pleasant home endeared to us by so many sweet associations, and our hearts rebelled. We often formed plans to run off together, that nobody need to give us a home.—Young as we were, we could not bear to feel dependent. We childishly wondered together why our parents had been taken, while so many children that we knew were blessed with kind fathers and mothers. Our little plan to run away did not succeed. We both remembered too vividly one day, in the year now gone, when we had lost our way and wandered in the thick woods, weeping with hunger. Who would give us food and clothing? Alas! we could not get them ourselves, and so we were obliged to accept the homes that were proffered to us by kind relatives. I overheard one of my uncles say that it was fortunate our mother had left sufficient money for our education, and from that time I felt less dread of accepting favors from my kindred.

The years passed swiftly. Wilfred and I were sent to excellent schools, quite near each other, so that we kept up a loving intercourse, and felt ourselves all the world to each other.—Death had entered the families that made my mother's kindred again and again—Now an uncle, then an aunt—now a cousin, then another aunt, my mother's twin sister.—Thus Wilfred and I were left almost alone, when there came hence, from the East Indies another uncle, one whom we had often heard of, but never expected to see. From the first he appeared to take a great interest in my brother and myself, and being unmarried, conceived the idea of adopting us, that we might inherit his immense wealth. He bought a splendid city residence, fitted it up superbly, and installed me as its mistress. He furnished me with every luxury in the way of dress and equipage, and I was in a fair way of being spoiled by adulation.

All at once Uncle Wolfe Laurie became anxious to give up his city residence and move out into the country. Of course, Wilfred and I could not oppose the idea, nor did we wish to. Our tastes were rather quiet and romantic, and it may be that early disappointment and sorrow had given us just the slightest touch of misanthropy, or at least made us averse to the bustle and confusion, the shallowness and heartlessness of city life. It was, at any rate, a pleasant surprise, when Uncle Wolfe said, in his peculiar manner,

"I intend to buy a country house. The noise and bustle of the city confuse me. How will you like the change, do you think?"

It was in the month of April. I thought of the crocuses, the cowslips, the graceful trees throwing cool shadows, the unlimited range of meadow land, the free, pure air; and I am sure Wilfred saw visions of the lake and the forest, the line and the gun, for his face brightened as we repeated together, "I shall like it better than the city."

"It is not far out," said Uncle Wolfe; "an agreeable drive from the city, but it is very rural and secluded. I have set people at work there. They are brightening up the old place wonderfully. So we go next week."

II.

The house which my uncle had bought had once been a parsonage. It had many light and cheerful rooms, many that were sombrely dark Most of the apartments were fitted up with new and elegant furniture, others retained the old style plenishing that had been bought when the house was new. The place suited my uncle, who had many eccentricities, and a fancy for the curious and antique. In most of the rooms he would not have the narrow doors and windows changed, or remove the high and ancient wainscoting, so obsolete.

He gave me my choice of private apartments on the second floor. Two large rooms, with little bed closets attached, attracted my fancy. One, the western chamber, commanded a view of mountain, stream and valley. It was so large that it appeared very dreary, unfurnished. The other faced the east, and looked out upon a gloomy forest heavily timbered. The western part of the house was my choice.

A beautiful garden bloomed directly under my window. Clusters of elms stood on the park-like grounds beyond. Well ordered farms here and there dotting the distance made the scene most picturesque. The sunsets were grand, seen from those windows. Those clouds of burnished gold! I can see them now.

A light, tastefully gilded paper soon covered the sober walls; and the handsome old furniture my mother left me, and which seemed just fitting for the place, was transferred thither. With one exception mine was the largest room in the house, and it took my fancy to occupy it as a bed chamber, parlor and study, all in one. This was at a period when bed-hangings were considered indispensable, and the pale blue and white curtains, suitably tasselled and fringed, added, to my fancy, an ornament to the room. My books occupied a rose-wood case that had belonged to my father, and was still filled with many a musty volume, prized for its antiquity. The furniture was dark, but to make amends I chose a carpet of the richest colors, and caused curtains of white lace to fall in graceful folds over the long and narrow windows.

My brother's room was opposite my own; a small, snug, bachelor's apartment, neatly furnished—its neatness somewhat marred by his own arrangements of hunting and fishing materials, guitar and violin cases, flute stands and music books, which, with a man's educated thoughtlessness, he never put in their proper places. Wilfred had grown very handsome, and not alone in my eyes, for everybody said who spoke of him, "Wilfred is a splendid fellow."

I was proud of him. To my partial eyes there was no fault discernible in him. Towards me he was always most thoughtful and tender, deferring to me with almost the chivalric gentleness of a lover. Were we not in the highest, holiest sense, lovers? I could have died for that noble, that upright and beautiful brother. We had been always together, and perhaps our close companionship had developed his more quiet tastes, while certainly it had imparted to me greater strength of character, firmer nerves, and in consequence of the athletic sports we shared, a better condition of bodily health.

My uncle had always been esteemed an honorable man. He possessed great resources, but was of a somewhat gloomy and eccentric character. An early disappointment in love had soured his temper, though he seldom exercised it in complaint or scolding. Without being in any sense of the word a miser, he was a worshipper of gold. He was very wealthy, and had no other god. Appearing to love my brother and myself with a strong, yet wayward affection, he sometimes lavished gifts and kind words upon us, at others he seemed irascible and impatient wherever we came in sight. When under the influence of his better moods he was very approachable, almost loveable. He had a smile of peculiar sweetness, and his lion-like face, with the white, long curling locks cut shaggily round the square temples, softened from crown to base, and he seemed almost another being. The library was his private room. There we generally breakfasted. Three sides of the walls were filled with books. A quaint little corner door, composed of glass-panes, looked out on a shaded grass-plat, and on this plat my uncle kept more than a hundred pots of choice plants, grouped fancifully in sun and shadow, and from which each morning it was my duty to cull a bouquet to place near his plate upon the breakfast-table.

With the white dew of the morning glistening upon their petals, exhaling the very breath of Eden, they made a delightful accompaniment to our meals.

The grounds of the parsonage had once been arranged with great care and taste by the incumbent of the parish, but when he removed thither, neglect was conspicuous in all the enclosure. Her busy hands had sown the thistle and the burdock through field and garden, scattering here and there the stinging nettle. Dead and shrivelled leaves lay in heaps about the trunks of the trees, and the boughs once rich with luscious fruit, hung broken and bent or shot scraggily and ungracefully outward.—Branches, veiled and curled by the sun, were strewed everywhere, and young trees had by some mischance been torn from their supports and laid with their quivering roots trembling at the touch of every breeze.

A good gardener, however, soon brought order out of this confusion. Weeds were uprooted, everything dead and unlovely burned. The garden began to bloom again. The fruit trees were sprinkled with blossoms, fences repaired, walks laid out, new trees planted, and our neglected paradise in all its pristine beauty gladdened the eye of the passing traveller.

We were on the outskirts of a thriving town. Near us stood the old, deserted chapel, that, with the grave-yard surrounding it, and the grand old willows, perpetual memorials of the lost, formed a picture of quiet beauty.

The church once worshipping within its walls had removed to a more eligible site, and its solitude was seldom disturbed, save when the funeral train, with the gray-haired sexton at its head, wound solemnly through the narrow walks to where the open grave was ready for its tenant. We could see this building, white, but weather-stained, from the side portal, and often have I stood as the sunset made each glass a pane of fire, looking through the trees on the quiet of its walls, seeing here and there a white shaft glimmering out in the green—peopling the quaint interior whose stillness was never broken by the sound of prayer and praise.

III.

Not long after our arrival at the parsonage-house I required some sewing to be done, and driving to old Aunt Mag's, the gossip of the place, a wrinkled crone who had assisted our housekeeper somewhat, I made known to her my wants.

"Law, miss, we hain't got no seamstriss, as you calls it; but Mehitable Merrymouth, she does them sort of things sometimes. Look here; do you see that red house way over yander? There's where Abijah Merrymouth, the sexton, lives; and I kinder guess Mehitable's to home, and ain't got no work special to do: and if she hasn't, why she'll help you. Keep your hoss right straight up the road till you come to the mile-stun, then turn off and you'll see a winding path. That'll lead you right there. You can't help a finding of it."

It was easily found. The old sexton, overpowered by the heat of the day, sat on a rude bench before his door, half asleep, and the smoke curled dreamily from his blackened pipe. His shovel and pick lay on the ground at the side of the porch, as if ready for use, and a thin, unmusical voice sounded from the inside, singing some ancient melody. I went in at the bidding of the old man, and before I was discovered, took note of an odd figure perched on an easy chair, humming and knitting; and opposite her, another older and older figure, fast asleep, with the sun streaming upon her withered face. As the sound of my footfall struck the ear of the animated oddity, she looked up with a glance of surprise, hopped from her chair, pulled the curtain with a jerk till it shut the sun from the sleeper's face, and then came toward me.

Not over four feet in stature was this curious piece of womanhood; yet her hair was gray her slight figure stooping, and her forehead traced with incipient wrinkles. There was a something in the expression of her diminutive face that pleased me; a gleam of perpetual good nature, a twinkling light in her very small but very bright blue eyes, and the readiness with which she answered my query if she ever went out to sew, made me anxious to engage her at as early a day as possible.

"You leave your mother alone sometimes, then," I said, glancing at the sleeping figure whose head kept up a perpetual bobbing.

"Oh! la! yes; ma's worth two of me for smartness. She can take care of herself, old as she is. Every tooth sound, too; sight and hearing perfect, and she eighty-five. But you'll sit down to rest you; and shan't I bring you a cup of milk afore you go?"

I thanked her and assented. As I was drinking the sweet and pleasant draught the old sexton sauntered in, both hands in his pockets and seating himself in a sprawling attitude near my chair, said, with the utmost *sang froid*,

"I guess you're one of them are new folks up to the old parsonage."

"You guess rightly," I replied, amused at his independence of manner.

"Yes—well, thought I did. Glad to see you neighborly. The poor old house has looked lonesome, certin, since the dominie died, poor man. I buried him."

"Did you?" I did not well know what next to say.

"Yes, I did—and his wife afore him. They lay jest 'hind the old chapel. P'raps you've seen a gray marble stun and a weepin-willer over it. I planted that willer."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, the place looked kind o' bare and uncomfortable like; wasn't nothin' sociable about it, and it seemed so onnatural for anything about the dominie to look lonesome! he was sich a cheery man—that is afore his wife died—that'l couldn't stan it, and so I planted that are willer. There's a wery nice verse on the stun. You must go and read it. 'Twas rit by his darter, an uncommon smart little gal, some year or two ago."

There was then some poetry in the poor old sexton, who looked so forlorn and withered. I arose to take my departure, excusing myself by saying that my uncle did not know I was gone, and would be anxious about me. As I turned away, the old wife wakened, and the stup'd stare of her blinking eyes, dull with sleep, followed me out of the little red house. I bade the old man and his little old daughter adieu, and cantered homeward.

Wilfred stood at the gate on my return to the parsonage.

"You will laugh to-morrow, to see my little old sewing woman," I said, as he assisted me from the saddle "She's no taller than a child of ten, and so stooping and wrinkled, but withal so very merry-looking and cheerful!"

"Aye! but haven't *I* seen somebody worth seeing?" replied Wilfred, the sunbeams dancing on his chestnut hair, as he walked by my side. "The first woman, Tilly, that I ever thought I could love."

He laughed as I looked him in the face after this speech, laughed and blushed, and glanced down like an awkward boy.

"What in this world do you mean, Wilfred? Who have you seen?"

"I don't know who it was, sis, but I do know that an angel couldn't look more beautiful, more sweetly-pure than she did under the weeping-willow. I was over in the old grave-yard, you must know, copying off some of those queer things on the old tomb-stones, and I saw, kneeling at the foot of the tall gray stone over the minister's grave, a young girl, lovely, as I said, as an angel. Who she was, I didn't know. I didn't speak to her, for the instant I caught her blue eye I turned away; but I'd give anything to know her."

"You foolish Wilfred!" I said, "it might have been some young married lady."

"Yes, and it might not;" was his reply. "Her face was almost childish in its beauty, and her fair hair rippled over her shoulders, as the poets say, like waves of gold. But I'll find out all about her before Sunday."

And we entered the house together. Wilfred went to his room to thrum the guitar and look over towards the chapel, perhaps to muse on his recent vision, and write verses upon it. I busied myself with patterns, and cloth, and scissors, and cut out all the work that I designed for the fingers of my nimble little seamstress on the morrow.

IV.

The next morning, before breakfast was quite over, I saw little old Mehitable Merrymouth through the bay window, tripping along over the grounds towards the parsonage. An odd, long-fronted bonnet, with a large flapping cape, surmounted her head, and she took short, decided steps like one whose mind was usually made up after a rapid survey of the premises. I escorted her to my pleasant chamber, and we were soon seated cosily together, planning and sewing. It was amusement enough for me to watch the play of her shrivelled but sunny features, the lightning-like motion of her small, queer fingers.

"You knew the minister of this parish, then?" I asked, on occasion of some remark she made.

"Knew him? knew the dominie! I guess I did. Why I was the first child born in this village—and he christened me. He warn't more'n two or three and twenty, then; and he died when he was nigh on to sixty-three. Oh! but he had a sweet wife, a nice, pretty wife, poor thing!"

"Why do you say 'poor thing,' and sigh so?"

"Haven't you *heard*? why didn't you know she *killed* herself?" asked Mehitable, lifting her head suddenly, and tossing the one curl upon the top of her forehead straight out till it stood like an animated cork screw, quivering with surprise. "La! yes, in this room—no! 'twasn't this, 'twas the east room—she hung herself. La! now you don't say you feel so bad as that!" queried Mehitable, nervously, for I was startled and excited.

"Pray, what did she hang herself for?" I asked.

"Nobody knows what ailed the poor creeter. Some thinks it was on account of a fever she'd had, that unsettled her brain. People thinks so singular of such things—they do say the house is haunted, and that's the reason nobody has lived in it all this long time. But, la! that woman's spirit wouldn't hurt a mouse. Poor thing! she left two such beautiful children!"

I most sincerely wished the garrulous little woman had left me in ignorance of the frightful incident—for from that moment the whole character of the house seemed changed to me. A singular shudder kept running from vein to vein. I could see nothing but the poor suicide hanging lifelessly from the wall—the terror-stricken neighbors crowding about the scene—the frantic husband—the weeping children filling the house with their shrill cries.

"It was a puty sad thing," murmured Mehitable, her fingers flying faster than ever, and the great bow on her little head bobbing up and down, "and a sad sight at the funeral. The dominie's hair had turned white with his great grief, and then the poor little children! sweet dears! jest old enough to know their loss, and not havin' judgment enough to control their feelins', cried piteous all through the service. What made it seem worse, the dominie had jest had a snug little sum of money left to him, and had fitted up this house beautiful! Laid out the grounds, bought a libary; and they was jest as it were, commencin' to live, without no cares in particlar on their minds. And then you see the dominie didn't only live ten years afterward, and then do you think, the will bequeathed—I believe that's what they call it, ain't it?—all the property to a gentleman, a distant relation, in the city—a Mr. Wakeman."

"Was he a lawyer?" I asked.

"Yes; he was out here during the dominie's last days, and everybody thinks he got the old gentleman in his weakness, to sign the wrong will, and so the poor children hadn't a cent."

I listened with new interest, for I was aware that my uncle had bought the place of a Lawyer Wakeman, he having married my mother's twin sister.

"Don't you think that property got in that underhand way is a curse to them that buys it?" asked the little Mehitable Merrymouth, looking up. "Well, la!" she exclaimed immediately, "before I'd grow pale about it!"

"I feel a little faint," was my reply—"I must go in the open air, and see if I can shake this chill off" In my heart I wished that I knew nothing about it.

So I hurried down stairs into the warm sunshine—walked under the falling showers of the apple-tree blossoms, wandered from flower to flower, inhaling the fragrance of each, and wondered why the story I had heard had given me such peculiar sensations. I had listened often enough before to tales of murder and of suicide, but they had not troubled me with more than a passing uneasiness. But the matter in this case seemed to come home to me with peculiar force. I was actually living in the very house where violent hands had laid hold of the citadel of life. These walls had heard the cries of anguish. There in that sunny study, where my uncle sat, reading and dozing, (I could see his gray head through the window,) the broken-hearted minister kept his ten years lonely vigils—moving steadily onward to the door of the tomb—to the portal of that quiet resting place in which lay the ashes of his self-murdered wife.

Turning an angle of the house, I came upon Wilfred cleaning his gun. For a moment I gazed upon him, as he, all unconscious of my near vicinity, bent above his work. How handsome he was! The flush of health reddened his cheek. The curling locks blew up from under the rim of his straw hat, so brown, yet with a tint of gold on them.

"We, too, are orphans," I said softly, my thoughts reverting to the minister's children, and before Wilfred knew it my arm was about his neck, and my kiss upon his cheek.

"Hillos! what's that for?" he cried, looking up in surprise.

"Because I love you," was my answer.

"Is it such a very hard thing to love me that you cry about it?" he added, laying down his wash leather and his gun; and springing up from his turfy seat, he stood by my side.

"I was thinking," I almost sobbed, "that we two were fatherless and motherless, and—and then it would be so dreadful, so dreadful! if we were ever parted."

"Nonsense, Tilly," he said lightly, but as he spoke throwing an arm about my waist and holding me closely to him. "Why should we think at all about being parted? We are both young, strong, and healthy. If ever I go away, I promise you, you shall go with me. I tell you what, sis, let's never be married, and when Uncle Wolfe dies, you shall keep house for me, and we'll have high old times. What do you say?"

"That a boy of nineteen is not the man of twenty-five. You will think differently by-and-by," I replied.

"True, I may," he responded, thoughtfully, "especially if I could get such a charming little creature as I saw yesterday for a wife. I tell you, sis, I do believe, after all, she's the old dominie's daughter. I heard he had a daughter, and she looked just about your age"

"But, oh! Will! her mother hung herself!"

"What!" he started and looked more closely in my face.

"Yes, in this very parsonage; in that gloomy east chamber, one night, her mother hung herself," I repeated.

"That's dreadful to think of," repeated Wilfred, slowly. "Hung herself! the dominie's wife; what do you suppose it was for?"

"Nobody knows, but the general supposition is that her brain was turned by a fit of severe illness. Nobody has lived in the house since, till we came"

"I presume it is thought to be haunted then," said Will, his face lighting up. "I wish it was. How I'd like to see a real ghost!"

"Hush, brother."

"I would, though. Does uncle know, do you suppose?"

"I don't believe he does, and if not, we had better not tell him," I replied. "But you can't think how strangely I have felt ever since I knew it!"

"I don't wonder," responded Wilfred, thoughtfully. "However, I shouldn't let it trouble me at all. By the way, I saw Uncle Wolfe in a towering passion just now."

"What about, pray?"

"He had a letter. I expect it was from that scape-grace cousin of ours, Jack Wolfe Wakeman, whom we have never seen, and *I* never want to meet, if all they say is true. I'm not sure, of course, but uncle said once or twice in that shocking voice of his, when he's angry, 'that villain Jack. That scoundrel! that scape-gallows! I'll know if I'm going to be swindled by him! If I catch him he shall have the full extent of the law.' Between you and I, Tilly, I shouldn't wonder if the fellow has been up to swindling of some sort."

"Oh! I hope not."

"And Uncle Wolfe, if he does lay hands on him will certainly send him to jail. I expect young Wolfe is jealous of us. I rather pity him, too."

"Jealous?" I exclaimed. "As uncle says he has his own bad actions to blame for his ill fortune. I'm sure Uncle Wolfe would have done anything for him if he had been less vicious. I think, Wilfred, he is proud of you, you are so good!" and again I kissed him with a new, a strange emotion of tenderness."

"Oh! I'm nothing to brag of, sis," replied Wilfred, evidently pleased, and he stooped to his gun again. "There's plenty of old Adam in me," he added, looking up roguishly, "when circumstances conspire to bring it out"

"I know my brother," I said, confidently, and turned to enter the house. Some impression led me directly past the east room, and then an impulsive curiosity caused me to retrace my steps and look in. How cold and gloomy and cheerless it seemed! The blinds were closed, the curtains down. The prim carpet and handsome spare bed occupied their respective places, but they looked repulsive and uncomfortable.

Where had the unfortunate woman stood before she committed the fatal deed? The time must have been in the sombre twilight, when, with her thin locks waving around her, and her eyes lustrous with the fires of insanity, she gazed about to find a suitable place in which to enact the death struggle. And here, too, came the poor dominie to take to his arms, to his heart—a corpse! What had caused her death? Had he been unkind, unfaithful? If so, what ghastly meditation must have stalked with him moment by moment, down to the grave! What figure of Remorse, with her cruel, probing glances searching into his soul, must have held him with iron grasp till his heart was dead within him.

But I preferred to cherish the pleasanter conviction that fever had deranged the intellect of the dominie's poor wife; that he had been always loving, tender, and kind to her, true in every word, thought, and action; but that he had perhaps tortured himself with useless apprehensions after she was laid in the arms of the universal mother, and so, slowly, surely, his health wore away. I started at the measured tick of the old clock, with its swinging pendulum in the corner, and hurried out of the room so haunted with sorrowful memories.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—carried in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

THE MORMONS.

At last we have official advices from Utah, denoting with almost absolute certainty that there is to be no war. The Mormon leaders, either yielding to what they perceive to be the necessity of the case, or persuaded by arguments of that weighty character which are so often found to be potent in so-called Christian communities, or with a keen eye to their own personal ease, comfort and safety have advised their followers to abandon the thought of armed resistance, and adopt instead their old policy of emigration. From the tenor of the Governor's despatches, we should suppose that the whole population of Salt Lake City and Utah Territory, with a few exceptions, had either taken their course southward, or else were preparing to do so. But we hardly think it possible that such can be the case. It is more probable that only the leaders and the more fanatical portion of the Mormon fraternity will emigrate, and that a large number of the more sensible and less zealous will either remain in their own homes, or else gradually return to them after a few months of absence. As to the fierce threats of burning every dwelling in case the troops should attempt to enter Salt Lake City, it does not seem consistent with any general exodus of the people—while, if any large proportion of them should remain behind, it is scarcely probable that they will consume the roofs over their own and children's heads. As a few wild fanatics, however, if unobstructed, might succeed in doing a great deal of mischief with the aid of the incendiary's torch, the Governor probably will have an eye—and a hand, if necessary—upon those indulging in such menaces.

Whether the bulk of the Mormons leave Utah, or remain there, is a matter of but little consequence—so that they resolve, in case of remaining, to submit to the laws, give up their polygamous habits, and demean themselves generally as good and peaceful citizens. As a matter of choice, we should of course prefer that the more sensible portion would remain—but only because we would rather see them act wisely than unwisely, and live happy than unhappy lives.

What portion of the habitable globe is next to be *blessed* with the presence of Brigham Young and his followers, is a point upon which much curiosity is naturally felt. If Sonora is their chosen place of refuge, do they go at the instance of the Mexican government—granting that such a thing exists—anxious to rear a barrier against further encroachments from the United States; or is Sonora to be merely a stopping place on their route to some island in the Pacific or Indian ocean? Probably a few weeks or months will determine this question. We trust they will take at last the advice so often freely given to them in these columns, and transfer their peculiar political, religious and social doctrines and institutions to some island of the sea, where they may test them at their pleasure, without interfering with the rights and institutions of others.

SWINDLING OPERATIONS.

The developements that are constantly being made relative to bogus lottery firms, gift schemes, &c., would seem to prove that this "great and glorious American people," is one of the most gullible in the world. Recently Mayor Tieman of New York, through his police agents, unearthed a large number of swindling head-quarters at various places in New England, especially in New Hampshire. Some of these concerns, which have been doing a large business, are of the most transparent character. For instance, a "Banquet," "Grand Levee," or "Festival" is announced at the "Rockingham House, Plaistow, N. H.," the 'City Hall, Manchester," Wilmington, Delaware &c., for which tickets are sold, each of which tickets is to entitle the holder to a chance in some lottery scheme, of money or jewelry. Strange to say silly dupes all over the country purchase these tickets by the thousands—the money received being of course all clear gain to the managers: the "Festival," "Grand Levee," "Banquet," &c., never coming off. It would be easy to hold such a Festival, and have a sham distribution at a small expense, but even this pretence of fair dealing seems to be needless: for the silly gudgeons will bite just as well at the naked hook. In the single Post-Office at Atkinson Depot, near Haverhill, Massachusetts, the police officer found letters for the following-named bogus firms:—Joel Miller & Son, 108 letters; Harrison, Rogers & Co., 60; Kent, Marshall, Harman & Co., 46; E. R. Spalding, Moulton & Co., 29; C. R. Bowen & Brothers, 24; A. L. Howe, Wilson & Co., 85, Hargrove, Pearson & Co., 45; B. F. Harper & Brothers, 54; in all, 451. These had accumulated in a single day. The Postmaster said that sometimes a single firm would get as many as 600 in one day. So great was the rush of these communications that the office of Postmaster at Atkinson Depot, which has hitherto been worth but about $30 per annum, has the last year yielded the incumbent more than $2,000.

It is estimated by the authorities that $3,000,000 of the worthless tickets of these bogus firms are now extant, the fourth part of which have been paid for at the rate of a dollar apiece. The success of such barefaced schemes of villany, argues an amount of gullibility in the community which would be almost incredible, were it not supported by such an array of facts. It reminds us of Carlyle's sarcastic allusion to "a nation of twenty millions of people, mostly fools."

THE WAR PROSPECT.

The probability of a war with England, never very serious in our opinion, has diminished greatly since our last issue. The information that the commander of the English West India Squadron, Admiral Stewart, had despatched a vessel after the Styx, with instructions to her chief officer to cease his offensive visits to American vessels—and the further information that the English cruisers were acting under no new orders from him, but under the old instructions of 1849—created an immediate lull in the stiff war breeze which was blowing at Washington. It appears probable that the English cruisers in question have been lately transferred from the coast of Africa to the coast of Cuba, in accordance with the recent recommendation of Secretary Cass—and that their general exercise of the right of visitation in the Gulf, without confining themselves to cases of a strictly suspicious character, has been in conformity with their previous practice on the African station, where the circumstances of the case rendered it less objectionable, and where the number of honest traders visited was comparatively insignificant.

The instructions issued from the Navy Department to our vessels of war in the Gulf, ordered them, it is said, to prevent any detention, visit or examination of American vessels *in their presence*. If the instructions were thus cautiously worded, the probability of there being any collision is greatly diminished—for it is not likely that any British officer would persist in making a visit, after being warned to desist by a national vessel. In fact, the mere presence of one of our national vessels would remove the only ground relied upon for making a visit—the ascertaining of the true nationality of the suspected vessel. That nationality would be vouched for in the most absolute and substantial manner, by the presence and protest on of an American vessel of war.

OUR LAW MAKERS.

In the account of some recent proceedings in the House of Representatives, at Washington, we read:—

Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, said that, acting as the friend of Mr. Hughes in the recent difficulty between him and Mr. Harris, of Illinois, growing out of language used in the debate on the Minnesota election case he had met Mr. William H. Polk, the friend of Mr. Harris, and they had come to the opinion that *no hostile meeting was necessary*, and that the matter had been settled on terms honorable to both gentlemen.

Considering that all "hostile meetings" of the character alluded to are contrary to the law of the land—in several cases even the *Constitutions* of the States prohibiting them under severe penalties—we think the Representatives of the people greatly to be blamed for allowing such statements to be made before them. If such personal explanations do not involve a "contempt" of the House, it is only because the House has not a proper sense of its own dignity—and is not able to see that a tacit recognition of the honorableness of law breaking, is flagrantly inconsistent with the character of law makers.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT NEW ORLEANS.—The excitement at New Orleans seems to have subsided as suddenly and unexpectedly as it arose. The following concise telegraphic dispatches seem to contain the substance of the whole dissolving process:—

NEW ORLEANS, June 8.—Gerard Stith, the American candidate for Mayor, received 290 majority. Many of the principal candidates on the same ticket have been defeated.

The city is now very quiet. The Vigilance Committee broke up their camp last night and disbanded, but are not disorganized. The members say they are ready to carry out their principles at any moment.

The municipal authorities are engaged in arresting all concerned in the vigilance movement. Writs have been issued for the arrest of the leaders, on the charge of high treason.

NEW ORLEANS, June 8.—The city is now quiet. Some few cases of rowdyism only are reported. The Mayor has stopped further arrests, and discharged all those arrested.

As near as we can get at the substance of the affair, it is this. There has been for several years a great deal of rioting, personal violence, &c., resulting from political differences, in New Orleans—especially on and just previous to election days. The citizens opposed to the "American" organization, considered that, if they had a fair vote they could defeat the "American" candidates—and that the "American" organization maintained its control of the city only by violent and corrupt means. Therefore a Vigilance Committee was organized, composed of all who were determined upon having a fair and perfectly free vote. The result was, that a fair election was held—and, to the surprise of the larger number of the "Vigilants," the American candidate was elected. Therefore—the popular voice having pronounced itself—and probably the leading object of the organization being thus attained—the "Vigilants" had nothing left to do but to disband.

If the above be not a correct statement of the whole matter, it is at least as near as we are able to come to the truth at present.

☞ The alleged discovery of coal in Canada West is contradicted—a correspondent of the Journal of Commerce supposes that it is "bituminous fossiliferous limestone." So Pennsylvania coal, anthracite and bituminous, may still look forward to a large Canadian market.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 192—Adults 92, and children 100.

INDIGENT CLERGYMAN.—Rev. W. G. Jervis, Secretary to the clerical fund, tells an awful story about the distress of the working clergy of England. Four hundred known to Mr. Jervis, in one year applied for any sort of relief—money, clothes, or food. The bishop of Sodor and Man states that the poverty of his clergy is so great that fresh meat is a luxury to them: and another bishop lately stated that he knew many clergymen in his diocese, who, together with their wives and families, seldom tasted meat. The Rev. G. Radcliffe, recently sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for forgery had a wretched "living."

And yet the high dignitaries of the English Church, the professed successors of the poor fishermen of Galilee, roll in wealth and luxury equal to that of Dives, while their "working clergy" starve.

"Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!"

New Publications.

THE MIND UNVEILED; OR, A BRIEF HISTORY OF TWENTY-TWO IMBECILE CHILDREN, (U. Hunt & Son, No. 62 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia,) is a little work referred to last week as bearing special reference to the course pursued for the redemption of idiots at the Pennsylvania Training School at Germantown, Pa., now under the superintendence of Dr. Joseph Parrish. Causes in external nature operating in conjunction with the interacting influences of unscientific social arrangements, produce yearly, among other malformed and monstrous growths, a certain proportion of idiotic children in every community. The researches of the French and English tabulists have shown that all the evils and accidents that afflict mankind, from murder itself down to the misdirection of letters, occur with as much regularity as the changes of the seasons, or the ebb and flow of the tides, the ratios being about the same from period to period, and the whole being evidently under the government of a series of reciprocally acting laws, operating with certainty, though as yet to some extent unascertained. It is a discovery of the nineteenth century that any ray of thought or feeling can be kindled in the blank darkness of an idiot's brain. It is the humane, world-cettering spirit of the age, struggling in so many places against so much various woe and wrong, that toils and plots, here at Germantown and elsewhere, to give or to restore sense to disordered or to vacant minds. Idiot boys and girls of every order and degree—mute, half-mute, deaf, purblind, beautiful or misshapen—children, like cats, like elves, like fantastic ghosts or trickey goblins—some with dead white faces, in which the senseless eyes flicker and glitter restlessly, and some with eyes of lead and heavy hanging jaws—some that mop and mow, and mumble and squeak, or rave a dreadful gibberish in which the profane oaths alone are plain—others that howl, and bite, and whinny, and ramp with rage—swine children—idiot thieves and dwarfs—children with heads like calves, with heads like bulbs—dozed, torpid, toothless children shambling awkwardly along—perhaps some filthy wretched animal, caricaturing the likeness of a girl, that will prowl with plaintive whining around the dog-kennel or the swill barrel, intent to gorge a morbid appetite with garbage—or some lampish Caliban of a boy, crouching listlessly, with drooping eyelids, blobber cheeks hanging, the flies flitting undisturbed in and out of his mouth, an ever-open, silly, slavering hole in the dead blankness of his malformed visage—such are the creatures that come to the care of Dr. Parrish and his coadjutors, and whom they aim to endow with the ordinary aspects and attributes of rational human beings. With what almost magical success these efforts are rewarded, the details of the book before us show. Under the gentle influences at the institute, the ugly and repulsive features of monster and mannikin gradually soften and dissolve, giving place to the slowly emerging lineaments and characteristics of intelligent beings. We cannot enter sufficiently into details to show how these results are accomplished, but the general method may be roughly stated as a constant effort to engage and arouse into full action such remnants of moral and mental faculties as the children may happen to possess, and effecting their growth by ensuring their exercise. Thus, light tasks are given, making some demand upon the judgment, or the perceptive powers. Gymnastic exercises, pursued in emulation, develope the physical system and also call into action certain of the mental qualities. Geography, arithmetic, drawing, sewing, perforated cardwork, singing, and other studies and occupations, adapted to the relative capacities of the pupils, are regularly taught. Lessons are given in articulation, most of the children possessing certain lingual defects which are removed only by patient discipline. Music and dancing are effective agents in the imbecile's development. Great enthusiasm and entertainment are caused by magic-lantern exhibitions, by which means also some instruction of a permanent kind is imparted. The children also exercise with dumb-bells to the sound of music, a practice at once amusing and stimulating to mind and body. Another method is to represent certain signs on a black-board by particular strokes or movements of the dumb bells, by which means memory, concentrativeness, observation, and other mental powers, are disciplined and cultivated in unison with the development of the muscular system. The boys and girls have also pets—such as poultry, pigeons, dogs, etc—to which they are much attached, and which are a source of much mental profit to them. CLIP, a large St. Bernard dog, is a valuable playfellow, stimulating many a dormant faculty in his struggles with the children for the possession of a rope or a stick. They had a monkey, but poor JACKO departed this life last Christmas, and was buried amidst general mourning. JACKO, we read, was considered very good by the children, one of whom amused the teachers by inquiring if he hadn't gone to Heaven!

In these and kindred ways, the relics or the germs of mental power are fostered—the dull glimmer gradually quivers into a steady and equal flame—fold by fold the veil drops from the disenchanted mind. Patience, perseverance, kindness, ingenious adaptation of means to ends, the influences of habit, emulation, childish interest and sympathy, reciprocally acting, work wonders, and the slobbering idiot that entered at one end of the training, emerges at the other a reformed, decent, relatively intelligent, relatively useful human being. Compare a result so felicitous as this, with that which usually follows when the idiot child is kept at home, the victim of an ill-judged parental affection, permanently injuring its unfortunate object. To parents afflicted with that saddest of all earthly ills—an imbecile child—and whose mistaken affection and unwise indulgence would sink that child only lower in the scale of deformity and vacuity, this book has an earnest message. And not to them only, but to all persons who have at heart the serious problems of social life, with which we all, in one form or another, have to deal.

As an instance of the difficulties that are encountered in the redemption of idiots, and the successes that may be achieved even in very low cases, we cite the following statement:—

James was admitted in February, 1857. We have never looked upon a more repulsive object than poor James. On his first visit, every one instinctively shrunk from his contact; his closely shorn hair decreased the really small diameters of his head, and made more frightfully disproportionate, the ponderous jaws and high cheek bones. There was great obliquity of the eyes, which rolled upward and exposed a large amount of the white; his lips seemed deficient in width, and were drawn tensely ags.nst his scurvied bleeding gums, and decayed, irregular teeth, which were constantly revealed; his skin was of a dirty color, and blotched with a disagreeable eruption; his body was very much bent; his arms hanging in front of him, or raised to allow his long, cold, and bony fingers to pass over the face or hands of the person with whom he might be sitting. He could not stand erect, his limbs were so contracted; and his straddling gait, and crouched form, as he ambled across the floor, reduced him in appearance to the grade of something less than human. When undisturbed—his body continually swaying to and fro, his head thrown far back, his eyes rolling toward the ceiling, and his mouth widely open—he certainly illustrated, in his person, the description of the Swiss cretin, whose his intellect was, perhaps, more clouded than the average of that class of unfortunate creatures.

His only expressed want, for many days, was, for *marbles*. The eager inquiry was always put, when any person was preparing to go out, "Where you going?" then followed the request, "Me want marbles!" When the marbles were purchased for him, he kept them in his pocket, their jingle affording him indescribable amusement.

Thus was James; pale, emaciated, and almost helpless; expressionless and inoffensive; apparently the lowest, and most unpromising type of idiotcy. We make use of the last sentence with full consciousness of its import; we mean, that no promise could be given, and but little hope entertained of his improvement.

We allowed him to sit in our school-room and watched the effect of music, and of the children's exercises upon him; his head was thrown further back, his long, bony neck seemed lengthened, his naturally repulsive physiognomy heightened in repulsiveness. Was this, could this be an expression of pleasure? It indeed was, and as such we treasured it. Beads were placed in his hands; of these he soon became fond; and while in the Gymnasium his stiffened and tottering limbs had been taught to climb a ladder, in the school-room, those vacant, restless eyes had been fixed on a plate of beads, and the intellect *elicited* (not created) that could guide in the rapid selection and arrangement of colors. After several months' labor, the pleasing report came, that James could arrange beads, by threes, with intermediate buttons: and, as a test of his powers of enumeration, the question was given—"How many legs has a cow?" His answer was "Two." "Oh! James—put on your cap—go out to that field and count how many legs that cow has." James moved off; this was the first time those bent limbs had followed out an object requiring continued thought; he made a direct line for the cow in the distant meadow; a few yards brought him to a pointed, pale fence; after sundry scratches of his skin, and rents in his clothes, he scaled the sharp angles of the fence, and again moved on; squeezing between the rails of a second fence, he at length reached the place where the cow was standing; and now commenced a most amusing investigation; he walked around on all sides, sometimes would go on hands and knees, and was thus engaged the greater part of a summer's morning.

At length he was brought to dinner, and the conversation of the morning resumed. "How many legs has a cow?" "Four legs." "How many horns has a cow?" Two horns." "How many eyes has a cow?" Two eyes." Thus, James had accomplished a lesson, as deep and new to him as the most complicated invention, or most abstruse theory, that ever exercised genius.

Having made these important essays, he now began to notice everything that occurred about him. Visitors entering are critically inspected, and his observing and sensitive mind is often exhibited, when his face flushes with deep crimson, at such thoughtless remarks as, "Oh! what a creature—how repulsive."

An idiot has been defined, as one who cannot enumerate 20, measure a yard of cloth, &c. James, with a little patient attention, soon counted twenty, and now fifty or more. His tongue is loosened, and he often engages in animated conversation with his teachers, and recalls, with facility, many of the associations of his home, from which he has now been separated a long time.

His mother has been deceased many years, and her place supplied by a faithful stepmother. As an instance of wonderful filial affection, we will add the following anecdote of James:

One Sabbath day, the children had been much entertained with an account of Heaven—it was called our heavenly home—the home to which we would all go, some day, and be with our parents and friends. An hour had elapsed, and other exercises had been engaged in, when in pleasantry the question was put, "All the children who would like to go home and see their friends, *before dinner*, stand up!" To go without dinner was a sober loss to contemplate, and but few arose; but among the latter was poor James. They were asked if they would not rather wait until vacation, most consented, but James still stood. "Why, James, you don't want to go to F——— and leave us, do you?" His cheek blushed, and eye kindled with earnestness. "No, no! me want mother in Heaven." That boy had been impressed, in his soul, by the simple remarks of an hour previous; they had remained with him, and his act was responsive to the affection that revived in his breast, with the remembrance of a long lost mother.

Repulsive as James is, in appearance, the goodness and gentleness of his manners, and the real intelligence he now exhibits, are winning him many friends; he is watched with interest, by periodical visitors to our institution, who are delighted with his progress in block building, reading, &c. He is now able to read a great many words, and writes several letters and figures on his slate.

To a testimony like this nothing need be added. It only remains to say that the book from which the foregoing is cited is professedly written in the hope of awakening a more general interest in the good work of training and instructing idiot children, and we trust that it may accomplish its purpose, and that the work itself may engage the attention of people who can materially assist its progress.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—In your paper of April 3rd, is an opinion of Prof. Olmstead's, that this phenomenon (Aurora Borealis) is astronomical and outside the earth, basing his views upon the extent, great height and periodical manifestations. Having seen no reply, I submit the following:

1st. We admit the phenomenon to be "*astronomical*," whether connected with the earth or other planets.

2nd. We object to its being placed outside the earth's atmosphere.

1st. Its great "*extent and height*," if it were beyond the earth's atmosphere, would render it visible in latitude 31°, where we have never been able to see the least signs of the phenomenon.

2nd. Its "*periodical manifestations*." This we consider the strongest evidence of its belonging to the earth, being accounted for upon the principles of polarization and refraction of light.

It will be observed that this phenomenon produces a variety of tints, very similar to the effect of the prism, but whether this refraction is produced by ice-bergs, a dense atmosphere, or twilight, I do not pretend to say.

The principle object I have in calling attention to this subject, is to encourage navigators to make observations in the different latitudes, by which the altitude of the Aurora Borealis will be determined, and thereby the height of the atmosphere. CH. SMITH.

Female Institute, Monticello, Miss., May 24th, 1858.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Said Lady Bab to Lady Sue,
"I wish I were as blessed as you;
Your husband is polite and kind,
Of gentle manners, generous mind,
Obliging, gay—in friendship warm,
With every quality to charm."
"Pray, Lady Bab," cried Lady Sue,
"How came my husband—*entre nous*—
So intimately known to you?"

☞ Good men are the stars—the planets—of the age wherein they live, and illustrate the times. God did never let them be wanting in the world; as Abel for an example of innocency; Enoch of purity; Noah of trust in God's mercies; Abraham of faith; and so of the rest.—*Ben Jonson*

☞ There is a beauty in the name appropriated by the Saxon nations to the Deity unequalled except by his most venerated Hebrew appellation. They call him "GOD," which is literally "THE GOOD." The same word thus signifying the Deity and his most endearing quality.—*Sharon Turner.*

☞ A dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer once opposed, in Parliament, a certain grant of money, ending his speech with a verse from the Bible:—"Why was not this ointment sold, and the money given to the poor?" Lord Chatham at once replied:—"Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation? I will finish it for him:—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and carried the bag.'"

☞ At a recent meeting of the Law Amendment Society, Lord Brougham told the following story—observing that no mode of payment could be fair which overlooked the previous training of the workman. Sir Joshua Reynolds was once asked by a person for whom he had painted a small picture, how he could charge so much for a work which had only employed him for five days? Sir Joshua replied, "Five days? why, sir, I have expended the work of thirty-five years upon it."

☞ The evening before Crabbe died, his physician, feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more evenly than upon his last visit, "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will tell you what it beats—it beats the dead march."

☞ If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!—*Lord Bacon.*

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal says that a man living there lost his wife some years ago in Homer, New York, that they had a little girl which he gave to a friend, and left the country. He was gone ten years, and returned, but could fine no trace of his child. She had two marks by which he might know her—one toe was gone, and she had a scar on her arm. The man gave her up as lost to him, and finally settled near Bucyrus and married. The rest we give from that paper:

"About six weeks ago he happened to pass by the room in his house occupied by a servant girl, who had resided with him for nearly two years, at a time when she was about to retire, and, the door being open, he saw her foot. He merely glanced at it, and happened to notice that the *little toe of the right foot was missing*. He thought nothing of it at the time, but after retiring the idea struck him that it might be the daughter he had searched for so long. At first he dismissed the thought as improbable, but it still forced itself upon him, until finally he requested his wife to go to the room and ascertain whether or not marks of a scald were upon her right arm.

"She went, and to his immense delight, reported that the mark was there. The poor man was so positive of her identity, that the girl was awakened, and in the middle of the night was questioned as to her origin. She could only tell them that she did not know her parents, that her earliest recollections were that she had lived somewhere in the East, with a family named ——— (naming the family she had been left with by the woman originally entrusted with her), and at their death she was taken charge of by the overseers of the poor, a place provided for her, and she had come to Bucyrus with a family, and had supported herself by doing housework since. This tallied so nearly with the already ascertained facts in the case, that the next day the father started East with her, and visiting the different points she had named, ascertained, to his great joy, that she was in truth his daughter. She is an extremely beautiful girl, of great natural intelligence, and, though totally uneducated, is still interesting. She is now at Granville, Ohio, receiving an education to fit her for the new station she has assumed in life."

DISTRESSING CASUALTY IN CONNECTICUT.—Miss Adelaide Holly, daughter of Ex-Governor Holly, of Connecticut, died at Stamford, on Thursday last, from the effects of burns, caused by her clothes taking fire in consequence of the explosion of a fluid gas lamp, on Tuesday evening.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE UTAH TROOPS.—A Leavenworth despatch, dated the 7th, says that the fifth column, under Colonel Sumner, marched on Saturday, the 8th, and the last column, under Maj. Emory, will leave on Wednesday, and the head-quarters on Thursday.

HON JOHN P. HALE has been re-elected U. S. Senator from New Hampshire. The vote in the House was 185 for Hale, to 111 for J. S. Wells (Dem.)—7 scattering votes.

A THREE days' Convention of Musical Germans has just been held at Pittsburg, attended by two hundred singers, and thousands of guests from all quarters of the country.

THE monster ship Leviathan was opened for exhibition on the 24th of May, and is said to be, now, "in full trim," which, we suppose, means all ready for sea.

PETERSBURG, Va., June 10.—Mr. Bayliss, charged with negro kidnapping was tried in the Circuit Court to-day and convicted. Judge Nash sentenced him to the penitentiary for forty years; eight on each indictment. He was defended by able counsel. Mr. Simpkins, on the same charge, will be tried to-morrow.

A CHALLENGE.—Senator Gwin has challenged Gen. Wilson, in consequence of the colloquy between the two Senators in the Chamber. (See Congressional.)

In the Brooks affair, it will be remembered that Mr. Wilson said he would not fight a duel, but would protect himself if attacked. This is his position now. Senators Seward and Wade are endeavoring to effect an adjustment.

BY an Act recently passed, Land Warrants issued under the law of the 3rd of March, 1855, are placed on a footing with those under the law of 1852, and made receivable for railroad lands within the six miles on either side of the track, at the rate of one dollar and a quarter per acre.

THE (Anti-Douglas) Democratic Convention of Illinois have nominated John Dougherty as their candidate for State Treasurer, and Gov. Reynolds for Superintendent of the Public Schools.

MRS. VILETTA, of La Salle, was buried recently in the Catholic burying-ground at Monroe, Michigan. She was 112 years of age at the time of her death. She made her will in the latter part of the last century, and went is most singular, she has outlived all the persons to whom she had bequeathed her property.—*Albany Argus.*

A HIGHER LAW CASE.—The Madison (Wis.) Journal says: Objection was made to O. B. Hazeltine as a juryman in the Dane Circuit, because in answer to a question of counsel he said where the laws of the State were in conflict with the laws of God, he should obey the former. The objection was overruled by Judge Collins, on the sensible ground that it was not to be presumed that the laws of the State and the laws of God were in conflict.

MECHANICAL FORCE OF LIGHTNING.—It has been proved on one occasion that a flash of lightning must have struck a church—St. George's, Leicester, England,—with a force equal to more than 12,000 horse power. A single horse power is equal to raising 32,000 pounds one foot high in one minute. The force of the lightning, therefore, was equal to 384,000,000 pounds raised one foot high in one minute. This is equal to the power of twelve of our largest steamers, having 24 engines of 500 horse power each.

MERIAM, the benevolent manager of the weather and benefactor of the birds, tells of a sparrow who had built on a small cedar tree; a storm caused the tree to bend so much that the eggs in the little nest were in danger of rolling out. The sparrow obtained a string from near the door step, inserted it in the nest, and fastened it around a little limb so as to preserve the nest in an upright position, and thus protected it.

A PRESENT FROM THE GALLOWS.—The Chinamen who were hung in Amador county, California, for murder, cut off their finger nails, had them enclosed in beautiful boxes, and scented with rare perfumes, for transmission to their friends in the Flowery Kingdom.

AN IMPERTINENT ENGINEER.—On Friday week, the engineer of a fast train was arrested by the authorities of a "one-horse town," in Dauphin county, Pa., for running through the borough at a greater rate of speed than is allowed by their ordinances. Having neglected, however, to give publicity to these ordinances, they could not impose any fine, and their discomfiture was aggravated by the malicious excuse of the engineer, that—"he didn't know there was a town there!" This, we think, was adding insult to injury.

AN entire Chinese regiment, for having abandoned an untenable fort during the recent attack on Canton by the French and English forces, has been sentenced to wear women's clothes for five years.

THE two hundred acres of the Mount Vernon estate, purchased by the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, have been laid off by Mr. S. R. Johnston, and the bounds and survey examined and approved on Saturday week, by the officers of the Association, during their visit from Richmond.

THE Greek papers contain a paragraph which shows how they settle breaches of promise of marriage in King Otho's civilized realms. The jilted maiden took the matter in her own hands, and having watched her opportunity, pounced upon her rival and cut her head clean off. Both parties were shepherdesses, and this little pastoral drama took place at Cyparissis, a very few stadia from Athens.

THAT agreeable little fish, the sardine, is now *manufactured* in large quantities, in Scotland, of sprats and little herrings! What next?

AT Cannes, besides the usual aquatic bathing, sand baths are now in vogue on the warm beach, the patient being imbedded up to the neck in the sand. This is an Egyptian custom.

NORWICH CITY ELECTION.—At the election held at Norwich, Ct., on Monday week, the Democracy elected eight members of the City Council to four Republicans. No choice for Mayor.

SAVAGE ASSAULT ON A TEACHER.—A few days since, a schoolmaster in Chicago, Illinois, sent a mischievous boy home to have his face washed. The boy's father came to the school, with two men to assist him, and they all assaulted the teacher, whom they beat so fearfully that he is not expected to recover.

REV. S. SENTMAN, for seventeen years pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, in Taneytown, Md., has resigned, and has accepted a call to the Evangelical Lutheran Church, at Barren Hill, Montgomery Co., Pa.

CATHERINE BRONK, a young lady of Albany, aged fourteen years, took a small dose of arsenic on Saturday, for the purpose of beautifying her complexion, and on Sunday morning was arrayed in a shroud for the grave.

MORE HONOR THAN PROFIT.—A Southern Methodist minister, detailing his experience on a certain circuit, counted 20 children who had been named after him, and added, that during the year he received as compensation for his labor "$13!"

THE Adjutant General of Pennsylvania has issued orders for a grand encampment of the volunteer forces of the State, to take place at Williamsport on the 7th of September next.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—WASHINGTON, June 11.—Letters received from Fort Bridger, state that they had sufficient provisions to last until the middle of May or first of June, before which time additional supplies would be received. Instead of Agent Hart inciting the Indians to hostilities against the United States, (the charge being mentioned in Gov. Cumming's recent despatch,) he was successful in preventing the Indians from joining the Mormons, and escaped because the latter had determined to take his life.

☞ Valerius used to say he learned more from borrowed books than his own, because, not having the same opportunity of reviewing them, he read them with more care.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A HAPPY DELIVERANCE—SUMMER-VISITANTS—THE COST OF VERDURE—A STRANGE STORY CONFIRMED—CHILDHOOD OF ROSA BONHEUR.

Paris, May 20, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

To our great joy, the odious and afflictive north-east wind that was blowing at the date of my last, and compelling a prolongation of fires and winter clothing, by no means improving to the temper of the mildest among us, has ceased to harrow up our nerves and our feelings. For two days past we have been luxuriating in a south-westerly wind which, though too high for comfort, is still such an unspeakable relief after the distressing action of its predecessor that we cannot find it in our hearts to complain. The swallows are in all their glory; wheeling through the air in the rapid, circling flights that give so peculiar a character to their cry, and cause it to seem to perform a circle also. A week's warm sun would now be a great blessing; among other good effects, bringing down the price of "verdure," as the French call all sorts of "green sauffe," to something like a payable rate. Think of our paying five cents for a trumpery little lettuce such as you would have had two or three of for one cent a few years ago: from forty five to seventy five cents for a tolerable bunch of asparagus; and other things in a corresponding ratio! A pigeon that you would have had for nine or ten cents at that period is now eighteen or twenty; and nothing eatable in the shape of a fowl is to be had under a dollar and a quarter. As yet, the change in the sale of meat has failed to produce the slightest diminution in the price of that branch of edibles; though the throwing open of the trade will no doubt do something towards cheapening meat in the long run. But as long as rents maintain their present exorbitant increase, food of every kind will remain dear also, and meat among the rest. The dissatisfaction of the public at this novel scale of prices is very great; and really one wonders how the very poor can manage to keep body and soul together. As to foreigners, they are beginning to desert a city which is now one of the dearest in Europe; and this desertion is far from being agreeable to the Parisians.

The recital of the astonishing horse-performance, mentioned in my last, has called forth such a storm of laughter and incredulity, not only on the part of the Parisian public, but through Europe in general—as evidenced by the quizzings and cries of "impossibility" addressed to the *Siècle* by its contemporaries of the principal capitals, that M. Léon Gatayes, the writer of the narrative in question, has been compelled to come out a second time in support of his original assertions. After reminding his contradictors that they only needed to go to the house indicated as the scene of the adventure, or send an agent to the spot, if too far off to go themselves, in order to obtain ample proof of the truth of his statements, he goes on to say, "I knew that if the animal had not been sent to prison for his unauthorized irruption into a private domicile, a report of his proceedings had been drawn up by the proper authorities of the Neuilly police station. I have therefore written to the police officer at the head of this station, who has been kind enough to reply to me as follows:—

NEUILLY, May 12, 1858.

MONSIEUR, Your letter respecting the fact mentioned by you, of a runaway horse having climbed to the fourth story of a house in the Rue de l'Etoile, has been received.

The fact is perfectly true; the horse escaped from a stable in the Rue St. Florentin; and *I authorize you, monsieur, to make use of my name to convince the incredulous, and I affirm that the article published by you, in the SIECLE of the seventh of this month on the subject of the occurrence in question, contains nothing but the exact truth.* Your obedient servant,

The Commissary of Police,
H. LORDEREAU.

"The words printed in italics," M. Léon Gatayes goes on to say, "are underlined in the original letter; I venture therefore to hope that this certificate will render it less difficult for me to make my way through the streets, and that I shall no longer be stopped at every step by the question whether the quadruped I wrote of was not in reality a winged biped, in other words a *canard!*"

As your readers are perhaps aware the word *canard*, (literally *duck*,) is the French equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon "*humbug*."

Having thus vindicated his reputation for veracity, M. Léon Gatayes, who has just acquired from Mr. Rarey the secret of his power in subduing horses, which forms just now one of the most prominent topics in European conversations, declares that Mr. Rarey's methods are fully equal to the performance of all the wonders promised, and advises all those who occupy themselves with horses, to purchase this secret without delay. He adds, that the other instructions given to his pupils by the "breaker in of wild horses," are well worth the price of the ticket. As to Mr. Rarey's system of horse-education, it is, if I am not much mistaken, in the training of colts that the most durable effects are to be hoped for: while, as regards his system of *hippic philosophy*, this, had we the wisdom to carry out its principles, would be fully as applicable, and as useful, in the training of the human race, as in the training of horses.

To pass again from the subject of horses to that of the illustrious author of "The Horse-Market," let us return to the notice of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, a description of whose delightful *atelier* was given in my last.

Rosalie Bonheur, as she is styled in her *actede naissance*, was born in Bordeaux, on the 16th of March, 1822. Her father Oscar Raymond Bonheur, a young painter of great promise, who had several times carried off the highest honors at the Exhibitions of his native town, but whose talent and good looks formed his only patrimony, devoted part of his time to giving drawing lessons in several families of the place, as a means of supporting his aged parents, who were entirely dependent on his exertions for support. Among his pupils was Mademoiselle Sophie Marquès, a beautiful, accomplished, and amiable girl, between whom and the handsome young drawing-master there soon sprang up a mutual attachment which—though opposed by the young lady's family on account of his poverty—resulted in their marriage. But the lady's family proved hostile, and the young couple were thrown entirely on their own resources. Four children—Rosalie, Auguste, Isidore, and Juliette—followed this union, and Raymond Bonheur, who had produced some pictures that had attracted attention in Paris, was compelled to sacrifice his dreams of fame to the humbler necessity of providing bread for his family, and abandoning the higher labors of his art, devoted himself, almost exclusively, for eight years to the teaching of drawing.

At this period, Rosalie, or as she has always called herself, Rosa Bonheur, was a wild, active, impetuous child, impatient of every species of confinement or constraint, always in motion, who, could she have had her own way, would have been always in the open air. From her earliest years she was remarkable for her affectionate and generous disposition, but she abhorred her lessons, and was a prodigious time in acquiring even the elements of reading and writing. When not in the fields she was sure to be in the garden; and one of her earliest remembrances is that of a great gray parrot, a household pet, belonging to her grandfather, who would frequently call out "Rosa! Rosa!" in a voice so exactly like her mother's, that the child—who always slipped off into the garden when she thought her mother was going to make her repeat her *credo*—would return to the house, supposing that her mother had called her. The mother seeing the truant arrive, would seize the opportunity of making her go through with the unwelcome recital, and Rosa, as soon as the lesson was over, would scold the bird angrily for the trick it had played her, and threaten it with direful vengeance if it ever took her in again. But if Rosa hated her books, she dearly loved all natural objects, and was the happiest of creatures when rambling in wood or meadow, watching the clouds, luxuriating in the sunshine and the breeze, and gathering posies as big as herself. At that time her complexion, now so browned by the sun, was extremely fair, and her cheeks were as red as roses; her hair, of a light, reddish brown, curled naturally all over her head; and she was so plump that the Spanish poet Moratin—who then resided in Bordeaux, and generally spent his evenings at Raymond Bonheur's—used to call her "*Ma boule ronde.*" The celebrated poet, who had been the intimate friend of the last great Spanish painter, Goya, had been banished by the government of Madrid for having chaunted the praises of the French invasion in 1808. He had conceived a great affection for Raymond Bonheur and his family, the "round ball" being his particular favorite; and he would romp with the merry and vigorous child for hours together, enjoying her frolics, and laughing over the rude figures which she was fond of cutting out of paper with her scissors. Rosa's childish activities prompting her to endeavor to imitate whatever she saw going on around her, her fondness for cutting out these figures, and the delight she took in amusing herself with the objects in her father's studio—drawing rough outlines on the walls, or burying her little fat hands in the clay, and making grotesque attempts at modelling—attracted no special attention, but were regarded by her family as being merely one of the many issues through which her restless desire of *doing* found vent. But there was nothing of the precocious genius about her, and the old poet augured much from the boldness, vigor, and originality of her nature, and frequently prophesied that his little favorite would turn out to be, in some way or other, "a remarkable woman."

The enforced obscurity to which he found himself condemned was necessarily irksome to an artist like Raymond Bonheur, conscious of superior powers, and desirous of a wider field for their exercise. His thoughts turned longingly towards Paris, the focus of Art and of Renown, the cynosure of all ambitious aspirings; and accordingly, in 1829, he quitted Bordeaux and established himself with his wife and family in the metropolis. Of an ardent and impressible temperament, and warmly interested in the ideas then fermenting in the public mind, he entered fervently into the political excitement that preceded the revolution of July, endeavoring meanwhile to create for himself a position as an artist. But periods of national effervescence are not favorable to Art, and the painter's efforts to win the notice of the public were without result. His pictures remained unsold; and he was fain to betake himself once more to giving drawing lessons, and painting an occasional portrait. But even this resource failed him, and he found it utterly impossible to meet the wants of his family. His wife—an excellent musician, and one of those rare natures whose energies of head and of heart seem to grow with the difficulties that call them into exercise—now gave lessons on the piano, and succeeded for a time in winning bread for her household; but the growing agitation of the social and political world put a stop to her teaching. Throughout this trying period, Madame Bonheur sustained her husband's courage with her own; and this admirable woman, when she had finished the household labors and expedients of the day, used to sit up half the night to earn, with her needle, the precarious support of the morrow. With the return of public tranquillity, Raymond Bonheur was enabled to resume his labors as a teacher, and to procure the admission of some of his works to the Paris Exhibition, where they obtained favorable notice. But Madame Bonheur, adored by her husband and children, died in 1833, and the pressure of domestic responsibilities compelled him to restrict himself mainly to the humbler, but more immediately lucrative branches of his profession. He continued to produce, at various times, works which showed that, in his dreams of fame, he had not ever rated his powers: but circumstances were against him, and his aspirations, constantly thwarted by pecuniary necessities, were never fully realized.

After the death of Madame Bonheur, the three elder children were placed with an honest woman, la mère Catherine, who lived in the Champs Elysées: Juliette, the youngest, being sent to friends in Bordeaux, with whom she remained until she reached her seventeenth year. La mère Cathérine did her best for the education of her little charges, by sending them to the Mutual School of Chaillot. But Rosa, now in her eleventh year, and detesting books and confinement as heartily as ever, generally contrived to avoid the school-room, and spent most of her time in seeking out all the grassy spots and tracts of woodland, afforded by the Bois de Boulogne and the other environs of Paris. Two years passed thus, the children being humbly clad, and living on the plainest fare; but to Rosa—with her innate passion for independence and out-door life—these two years of privation were by no means unhappy ones, notwithstanding the angry reprimands she incurred almost daily from la mère Cathérine, distressed and indignant at the perversity that led her little *pensionnaire* to prefer the life and greenery of the *Ecole buissonnière* to the confined atmosphere and monotonous walls of the *Ecole Mutuelle*.

"I never spent an hour of fine weather indoors, during the whole of the time we were with la mère Cathérine," I have heard her say, in alluding to her childhood.

But this sort of gipsey-life could not last forever. Raymond Bonheur married again, took a house in the Faubourg Ju Roule, brought the three children home, and anxiously endeavored to put them in a way to make a future position for themselves. The two boys were placed in a respectable school, in which their father gave three lessons a week by way of payment; and Rosa, who could not be got to learn anything out of a book, and seemed to have neither taste nor talent for anything but rambling about in the sunshine, but who was growing too old to be allowed to continue this purposeless mode of existence, was placed with a sempstress, in order that she might learn to make a living by her needle.

But nothing could have been more antipathetic to poor Rosa than the monotonous employment to which she was thus condemned. The mere act of sitting still on a chair was torture to her active temperament; she ran the needle into her fingers at every stitch; and bending over her hated task made her head ache, and filled her with inexpressible weariness and disgust. The husband of the sempstress was a turner, and had his lathe in an adjoining room. Rosa's sole consolation was to slip into this room, and obtain the turner's permission to help him turn the lathe. If he were absent, she would do her utmost to set the lathe in motion by herself, and more than once did some damage to the turner's tools, in her eager desire to produce something in a way so congenial to her own bent. But the stolen pleasures afforded by the lathe were insufficient to compensate for the repulsiveness of her new avocation, and the consciousness—none the less bitter for being vague and unexpressed—of the social inferiority of the position to which she was thus condemned; and whenever her father, with his pockets full of *bonbons*—came to see her, and learn how she was getting on, she would throw herself into his arms in a passion of tears, and beseech him to take her away. Every week her distress became more and more overwhelming, she lost her appetite and her brilliant color, and was evidently falling ill. Her father was much disappointed at the ill success of his attempt to make of his wild daughter an orderly and industrious needlewoman; but he was too fond of her to persevere in an experiment so repugnant to her feelings; and he therefore broke off the arrangement with the sempstress, and took her home.

What was now to be done with her? The father thought over many plans, but none of them were feasible. At length he succeeded in making an arrangement for her reception in a boarding-school in the Rue de Reuilly, Faubourg St Antoine, on the same terms as those he had obtained for her brothers. A vast deal of good advice was expended on her, together with many earnest exhortations to make the best use of the advantages of the school, by diligent application to the studies about to be opened to her.

For a short time after her entrance into this establishment, Rosa was delighted with her new life; for she speedily became a favorite with her young companions, the leader in all their games, and the inventor of innumerable pranks. But the teachers were far from being equally satisfied with the new pupil, who could not be got to learn a lesson, and who threw the household into confusion with her doings. One of her favorite amusements was to draw caricatures—exceedingly like, though exceedingly comical—of the governesses and professors; which caricatures, after coloring, she cut out very carefully, and fixed to the ceiling of the schoolroom by means of bread, patiently chewed for that purpose to the consistency of putty, and applied to the heads of the figures.—The sensation created by this novel exhibition of portraiture, and by the ludicrous bowings and curtseyings of the paper figures as they swayed about over the heads of their originals, may be easily imagined. The pupils would go beside themselves with suppressed laughter; but the teachers were naturally more displeased than diverted. The mistress of the establishment, struck with their vigor and originality, would cause the offensive figures to be carefully detached from the ceiling, and placed them privately in an album, where, it is said, they have been treasured to this day; but Rosa was none the less pronounced to be a very naughty girl, and generally found herself condemned to bread and water about five days in the week.

Rosa Bonheur is by no means deficient in the faculty of acquiring knowledge, and has since made up, in her own way, for her early disinclination to study. But it was absolutely impossible for her, at that time, to constrain her mercurial temperament to the measured regularity of a class, and the only branch of study in which she made any progress was drawing, which she practised assiduously, sharing the lessons given twice a week by her father in return for admission to the school.

But Rosa was far from happy. Besides the constant trouble in which her love of mischief and frolic involved her, there was another source of annoyance that poisoned her peace, and gradually rendered her stay in the school unbearably painful to her.

All the other pupils being daughters of rich tradesmen, they were handsomely dressed, had their silver forks and cups at table, and plenty of pocket money for the gratification of their schoolgirl fancies. Rosa, with her calico frocks and coarse shoes, her iron spoon, tin mug, and empty pockets, felt keenly the inferiority of her position in comparison with that of her companions. Her father was as good, and as clever, as the fathers of the other pupils; why, then, was he not rich like them? And why must she wear calico, and drink out of tin, while the other girls had beautiful silk dresses, and silver mugs? Too generous to be envious, and treated with constant kindness and affection by the other pupils, with whom she remained as great a favorite as ever, the proud and sensitive child yet recoiled instinctively from a contact which awakened in her mind an unreasoning sense of injustice, and humiliated her, as she felt, for no fault of hers. She had no wish to deprive her little companions of the superior advantages of their lot, but she longed to be in possession of similar conditions, and tormented herself, day and night, with pondering on the pecuniary and social difficulties by which she found herself surrounded, and seeking to devise some plan by which they might be overcome; and to this period, with its secret mental experiences, is to be traced that firm resolve to achieve a name and a place for herself in the world, to a perception of whose social facts she was now beginning to awaken, which sustained her through the subsequent phases of her artistic development. She was determined *to be something*, though she could not see what: and felt no doubt whatever of accomplishing this purpose, though as yet she had no idea of the mode in which it was to be carried out. Meantime, her secret discontent preyed on her spirits, and affected her health. She became reserved and gloomy; and while seeking, with feverish anxiety, to divine the sort of work that should enable her to gain for herself the superior position she so ardently coveted, she became more and more neglectful of her studies, until, her teachers and her father being alike discouraged by her seeming idleness, the latter withdrew her from the school, and once more took her home.

More than ever perplexed as to what to do with her, her father, while endeavoring to strike out some new plan for her now left his daughter for a time entirely to herself. Thus abandoned to her own spontaneous actions, Rosa—who felt that the idle and aimless life she had hitherto led was little calculated to help her to the realization of her secret ambition, and who was full of unacknowledged regret and remorse for her uselessness and incapacity, sought refuge from her own uncomfortable thoughts in her father's studio, where she amused herself with imitating everything she saw him do, drawing and modelling, day after day, with the utmost diligence and delight, and perfectly happy as long as she had in her hands a pencil, a piece of charcoal, or a lump of clay. In the quiet and congenial activity of the studio, her excited feelings became calm, and her ideas grew clearer; she began to understand herself, and to divine the path which nature had marked out for her. As this change took place in her mind, the desultory and purposeless child became rapidly transformed into the earnest, self-conscious, determined woman; she drew and modelled from morning to night, with enthusiastic ardor; and her father, amazed at her progress, and perceiving at last the real bent of her nature, devoted himself seriously to her instruction, and superintended her efforts with the greatest interest and care. He took her through a serious course of preparatory study; and then sent her to the Louvre, to copy the works of the old masters, as a discipline for her eye, her hand, and her judgment.

Surrounded and stimulated by the glorious creations of the great painters, the first to enter the gallery, and the last to leave it, and too much absorbed in her model to be conscious of anything that went on around her, Rosa pursued her labors with unwavering zeal.

"I have never seen an example of such application, and such ardor for work," remarks M. Jousselin, Director of the Louvre, in describing the department of the young artist in her visits to that noble establishment.

The splendid color and wealth of form of the Italian schools, the lofty idealism of the Germans, and the broad naturalism of the Dutch, alike excited her enthusiasm; she studied them all with equal interest, and copied them with equal felicity.

To aid her father in his arduous struggle for the support of his family—now increased by the birth of two younger children—was the immediate object of Rosa's ambition; and the admirable fidelity of her copies insuring for them a speedy sale, this filial desire was soon gratified. She gained but a small sum for each; but so great was her industry, that these earnings soon became an important item in the family-resources.

One day, when she had just put the finishing-touch to a copy of *Les Bergers d'Arcadie*, at the Louvre, an elderly English gentleman stopped beside her easel, and having examined her work with much attention, exclaimed—

"Your copy, *mon enfant*, is superb, faultless! Persevere as you have begun, and I prophesy that you will be a great artist!"

The stranger's prediction gave the young painter much pleasure, and she went home that evening with her head full of joyous visions of future success.

The steps by which these bright visions have since been realized, shall be duly set forth in my next; but, before closing this letter, I must add the news of the decease of the Duchess of Orleans, at Richmond (England), on the 18th of this month: intelligence of which event has just reached this city. The many admirable qualities of this Princess, her excellent judgment, and thoroughly good heart, have insured for her the cordial respect and esteem of all parties: and will render her death a subject of regret to all. QUANTUM

MINISTERS' SONS.—The Episcopal Recorder has an article touching this class, in which it depreciates the idea that they are worse than other sons and draws for important information from Doctor Sprague's late work, which gives the lives of several hundred American "Calvinistic" ministers. It takes the biographies of the first hundred, and says: "Of the sons of these hundred, over one hundred and ten became ministers. Of the remainder, by far the larger proportion rose to eminence as honorable and successful men in business, or in the learned professions. Is there any body of 100 men, taken at random from any other pursuit of life, of whom the same can be said?"

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Asia, which arrived at New York on the 10th, brings Liverpool dates to the 29th ultimo.

Since the withdrawal of Mr. Cardwell's motion of censure—which was owing principally to the fear of the members that Parliament would be dissolved, and the expense, doubtful results, &c., of a new election be forced upon them—the Derby Ministry has taken a fresh and more vigorous lease of life.

The House of Commons re-assembled on Friday. Lord John Russell condemned a brilliant speech which Mr. D'Israeli had been making to his constituents during the recess, in which he cast an imputation on the late Government and said that the country was within a few hours of war when the present Ministry took office.

Mr. D'Israeli replied, defending his position.

The fleet charged with the laying down of the Atlantic cable was expected to sail on the experimental trip the day the Asia sailed.

The Paris Conference had held a second meeting. A resolution was adopted, declaring that the object of the Conference was to settle the question of the Principalities. The Montenegrin boundary was to be settled by a commission at Constantinople.

It is rumored that there is an intended demonstration by the French war steamers at Toulon against Morocco.

The Duke of Alameda is spoken of as Concha's successor in Cuba—Concha having applied for a recal on the ground of ill-health.

The accounts of the visitation of American vessels by British gunboats, had been received in England, and were published, but no special comment appears to be made upon the facts.—The excitement produced here had evidently not yet been fully appreciated in England. The London Times of the 24th ult., has the following paragraph:

"By the arrival of the Kangaroo, Jeffrey commander, at Liverpool, on the 22nd of May, we are in the receipt of advices from New York to the 8th of May. Advices had been received at New Orleans from Havana to the 3rd inst. Considerable excitement existed in consequence of the insults said to have been offered to, and the detention of American vessels by English cruisers, and some of the American captains in port are said to have determined to resist any attempt to board and search them."

John O'Connell Esq. died suddenly at Kingstown. The deceased gentleman was a son of the late Daniel O'Connell, and was associated prominently with his father in the great Repeal agitation, extending from 1842 to 1847.—The Freeman's Journal states that the cause of death was a severe attack of bronchitis, contracted by sitting in a damp garden chair.

The Post, chief organ of the Cabinet, is now in favor of the most energetic proceedings towards Naples. Learning that Naples has refused compensation to Watt & Parke, the Post this morning says reprisals must be enforced, and the flames of a conflagration must be lighted, which may extend far beyond the Italian Peninsula.

The returns of the British exports since April 9th, show a falling off of one-half a million pounds sterling, as compared with last year.

The recipient of the Victoria Medal of the Geographical Society, is Alexander Dallas Bache of the United States.

A letter from Plymouth states that the Niagara and Agamemnon are lying within two hundred yards of each other. The cable on each ship is connected, and telegraph messages are sent through the whole length of the Atlantic cable, in the most perfect manner.

It is stated that a conference between the Lords and Commons has ended in the former agreeing to the principle of the right of the Jews to seats in Parliament, and the result will be, that Baron Rothschild will take his seat in the House of Commons.

The Chinese authorities continued to torture all persons suspected of being favorable to the Allied Powers.

The Calcutta dates are to April 2d. The rebels had been driven out of Azimgour, with heavy losses. Sir Colin Campbell's staff was marching towards Rohilcund. Sundry successful encounters with the rebels are reported.

The correspondent of the London Times, at Cawnpore, speaks despondingly of the war prospects. He says the revolt has deeper roots than had been imagined, and that the want of troops is greatly felt.

The Kukara of Calcutta speaks of news of "a rebellion on every side, with three armies in the field against us!" While the Englishman, another journal, shows that no decisive blow has been struck, and that the rebels are dispersed all over the country.

The Calcutta correspondent of the Times says—The plan of the rebels is to press on for Central India and Bombay. In the meanwhile, they are swarming into the Doab, the districts of Futtyghur, Etawah and Mynpore. The officers were hardly pressed. There is a guerilla war going on everywhere. Eight regiments of armed police are being raised in Bengal. There had been only ten inches of rain at Bengal for six months. The crops were suffering severely, and a famine was anticipated.

The Oude proclamation has not been withdrawn or modified, but Mr. Montgomery has received a *carte blanche* to deal with each case as he chooses. He is compounding with the aristocracy and landholders.

CHINA.—Dates from Hong Kong, to April 13th, states that diplomatic relations have taken an unfavorable turn.

It is understood that replies have been received by the foreign Ambassadors to their communication to the Emperor at Pekin.

The Emperor proposes to discuss the questions at Canton. Teis is not conceded to, and the Plenipotentiaries, including the American Minister, had decided to proceed at once to Teen Tsein.

All was quiet at Canton. The newspaper accounts assert that Lord Elgin had declared himself ready to employ force to penetrate to Pekin.

FRANCE.—Military terrorism and social espionage are now the grand characteristics of France. The deplorable incident of the Figaro duel has naturally awakened discussion on the general question of the empire. Marshal Vaillant has caused an order of the day to be fixed up in the barracks to the effect, that any officer fighting with a civilian, without permission, will be degraded from his position, and if necessary, cashiered. This may, perhaps, have the desired effect for a time; but strong circumstances continue to prove that the people and the army may, ere long, come into serious collision.

M. Pene, the victim of the recent murderous duel, was in a dying condition.

Rudio, the confederate of Orsini, has been sent to Cayenne.

Letters from Algiers announce that, in consequence of the appointment of Prince Napoleon as Governor General of that Colony, the entire body of the high military administration propose to return to France with Marshal Randon.

The trial of the Chateau insurgents resulted in the fine and imprisonment of the majority.

The French Government had caused excitement by proposing to convert the property of charitable institutions into government stock.

EGYPT.—Achmed Pasha, elder son of Ibrahim Pasha, and heir apparent to the Pashalic of Egypt, was killed on the 13th by an accident on the railway steam ferry. The carriage in which he sat rolled off the platform of the ferry into the river.

COMMERCIAL.—LIVERPOOL, May 28.—Cotton—the sales of the week have been 32,000 bales, including 3000 bales on speculation, and 10,000 for export. All qualities have declined; prices were from ⅛d lower; the greatest decline being in lower grades. The quotations are as follows:—Orleans fair, 4¾; middling, 7¼; Mobile fair, 5⅛, middling, 7; Uplands fair, 5⅛, middling, 7. The stock in port has increased to 648,000 bales; of which 555,000 are American. The sales of Cotton on Friday were 6,000.

Breadstuffs.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., quote Flour very dull, at a decline of 6d, and unsaleable. Western is quoted at 29s 6d@31s 6d; Ohio 32s@34s. Wheat steady; sales of red at 8s 10d@9s 6d; white 7s@7s 3d. Corn quiet; sales of yellow 34s@34s 3d; white 34s@34s 6d.

Provisions.—Beef heavy, and holders are pressing on the market. Pork firm. Bacon quiet, but firm. Lard dull, all qualities having slightly declined—sales at 57s@57s 6d for choice lots.

Pot Ashes quiet, and Pearl Ashes steady, at 38s@40s for both.

Sugar heavy, at a decline of 6d@1s 2d.

Rosin steady at 4s@4s 1d for common.

Spirits Turpentine firm at 46s@50s.

LONDON MARKETS, May 28.—Breadstuffs dull, but prices steady. Sugar dull and 6d lower. Rice heavy.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, May 28.—The Money market is unchanged. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £185,000. Consols for money 99¾.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

ST. JOHN, N. F. June 11, 1857.—The Canadian Company's screw steamship Nova Scotian, Capt. McMasters, was passed Cape Race on her first voyage to Quebec. She has 294 passengers.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Stanley has been appointed to the India Board, and Sir Bulwer Lytton, Colonial Secretary.

In the House of Commons on the 1st instant, Mr. Lindsay asked the Government if it was true that the United States vessels in the Havana or Western Coast of Africa Trade had been first sent into, harassed, examined or detained by British cruisers; and if so, by what authority, or under what instructions did the commander of these ships so act?

Mr. Fitzgerald said the Government had no official information on the subject, but he had reason to believe the reports had been exaggerated. They were as anxious as the American Government to avoid all cause of complaint, and strict orders had been issued to the officers on the west coast to be especially cautious.

The Niagara and Agamemnon, with the telegraph cable on board, sailed from Plymouth Sound on Saturday evening for the West Coast of Ireland.

INDIA.—ALEXANDRIA, May 26, via Malta, 30th.—The Ganges with the Bombay mails, arrived at Suez yesterday.

The Commander-in-Chief and Gen. Walpole entered Shenjehanpore without opposition on the 30th of April, and marched for Bareilly on the 2nd of May. Nena Sahib was in Bareilly. The Hindoos were friendly, but the Mussulmen were escaping. The reverses sustained by Gen. Walpole in Oude, have been confirmed. Koor Singh was defeated at and driven from Azrageur, by Brigadier-General Douglass. A detachment under Capt. Legrood tried to intercept him but was repulsed, losing three officers and two men. Koor Singh has since been reported dead, and that he died of the wounds he received in the action with Gen. Douglass. Sir Wm. Peel died at Cawnpore of small pox on the 27th of April. Sir Hugh Rose marched from Jhansi to Calpee on the 26th of April, and was opposed by the enemy at Kench, who were estimated at 7,000. They were headed by the Rance of Jhansi and Nana's brother, and defeated. Gen. Whitlock captured Bundee on the 10th of April, and had to march to Calpee on the following day. The Kotch force had mostly gone into quarters but a small part were watching Sir Hope's rear. Sir Hope Grant had returned to Lucknow. Gen. Adrian Hope has been killed. A Goorkha column, under Col. Jones had occupied Mogadebad after defeating the enemy at Dugeshebad and Munjenah. Gen. Penny arrived at Punalee on the 26th of April, and marched the same day to join the Commander-in-Chief. A telegram from Futteghur, May 2nd, states that he followed the rebels into an ambuscade, and was killed, but the enemy were defeated by his troops.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, May 31.—The demand was exceedingly small, the sales not exceeding 4000 bales, all of which were to the trade; prices were, however, firmly maintained.

On the 1st of June the market continued quiet, and prices nominally without change—sales of 3000 bales, including 1000 for export.

In the Liverpool Corn Market on Tuesday, trade was dull, and prices of Wheat hardly maintained. Flour maintained the rates of the previous Tuesday. The weather was very favorable for the growing crops.

Sugar was without improvement in rates and transactions were limited.

In the London Market on the 1st, the sales of Coffee were progressing, without alteration in prices. Tea was more steady; Congou 9½d@9¾d.

Consols were without particular change, closing on the first 97⅛@97⅜ for money, and 96 to 96¾ for the account of the 5th July.

MONEY-MAKING.—I think it is a rule that men in business should not be taught other things. Any one may be almost sure to make money who has no other idea in his head. A college education, or intense study of an abstract truth, will not enable a man to drive a bargain, to overreach another, or even to guard himself from being overreached. As Shakspeare says "that to have a good face is the effect of study, but reading and writing comes by nature," so it might be argued, that to be a knave is the gift of fortune, but to play the fool to advantage, it is necessary to be a learned man.

The best politicians are not those who are deeply grounded in mathematical or ethical science. Rules stand in the way of expediency. Many a man has been hindered from pushing his fortune in the world by an early cultivation of his moral sense, and has repented of it at leisure during the rest of his life. A shrewd man said of my father, that he would not send a son of his to school to him on any account, for that, by teaching him to speak the truth, he would disqualify him from getting a living in the world.—*Hazlitt.*

SAYS Della to a reverend dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy theme,
That there are none in heaven?"
"There are no women there," he cried;
She quick returned the jest:
"Women are there, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

☞ It behooves us always to bear in mind that, while *actions* are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgments which we pass upon men must be qualified by considerations of age, country, situation, and other accidental circumstances; and it will then be found that he who is the most charitable in his judgments is generally the least unjust.

☞ A real book always makes you feel that there is more in the writer than anything that he has said.—*Mrs. Beecher Stowe.*

☞ An old woman was praising, in rather enthusiastic terms, the sermon of a Scotch minister, who had acquired a great name for depth and sublimity. The suspicions of her auditor were a little roused, and she ventured to propose a question to her: "Well, Jenny, do you understand him?" "Understand him!" holding up her hands in astonishment at the question, "me understand him! wad I hae the presumption?"

POEM BY THE LATE H. W. HERBERT

The number of the *Literary World*, for April 10, 1847, contained a copy of verses by the unhappy man who recently killed himself and asked to have *Infelicissimus* carved upon his headstone. They have been recalled by one who knew him well, and are a memorial of a mind and heart whose scholarship and warmth were not enough to save him from a tragical fate.

MY HOME.

A home! a home! yes! yes! though still and small,
I have a home! where soft the shadows fall
From the dim pine-tree, and the river's sigh,
Like voices of the dead, wails ever nigh;
Nor hearth is there, nor hall, nor festive place,
Nor welcome smile of that bewitching face,
Nor the low laughter, nor the sweet fond tone,
That made pain pleasant—yet it is my own—
My heart's own home, where'er my foot may tread—
Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

Let others turn, when each has ceased to roam,
To the calm pleasures of his childish home—
Let others turn, when day's hot toil is o'er,
To that pure kiss which greets them at the door;
To that bright eye which kindles at the sound
Of their known footstep, shedding glory round:
I have nor childish home, nor earthly bel:—
The kiss that breathed upon my lips is cold;
The eye that beamed for me is dimmed and dead—
Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

Earth has no home that can with mine compare,
For there, my own lost one, for there art there.
It matters not that they are sealed in death,
Those founts of light, and still the balmy breath,
And wan the radiant lip and lustrous brow—
It matters not—for it is always thou!
It matters not, how cold, if I at last,
On that true heart of thine, when all is past,
May pillow once again my lonely head—
Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

Oh, weary-waste, and weary is the day,
And weary is the night—oh! wellaway!
For anguish wakens with the rising morn,
And sleepless sorrow of the night is born!
And years must pass, long years, ere I shall run
To that dear spot which fools are fain to shun
The only home which now my soul doth crave,
Thy home—the long, the last—thine early grave.
Oh, that for me the bridal sheets were spread
Now, in my narrow house and lowly bed!

Philadelphia, April 10, 1844

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

To recur to my clerkship. I soon after this had to undertake a journey, on the business of the court, into the midst of the nest of lumbermen who had been described to me by the former clerk as such a set of banditti. It appeared, however, that my character had reached them before me. They had been led to conclude that I would not interfere beyond what I was bound in honor to consider my unquestionable duty. As that related solely to a question whether some of them had made a false affidavit, and sworn a quantity of cedar, cut on government land, to have come off a private estate, to save the payment of the duty which was nearly two cents per foot; and as that had nothing to do with the bushrangers that were among them, they concluded correctly enough that I should make no attempt to know who were bushrangers and who were not. I was consequently well received. I could no longer wonder at the unsuccessfulness of the military in their endeavors to hunt out the outlaws. The "Long Brush," where the cedar grew in such quantities, was a forest so dense overhead that there must have been miles where no sunbeam had penetrated for ages; for in Australia, where all the trees are evergreens, the woods are as leafy in winter as in summer. The underwood and vines, matted together, rendered it impossible to travel without first making an opening with the axe. The roads were sloughs of thick mud, through which four, five and even six yoke of oxen could scarcely draw a single dray with its load of cedar plank. Some of these junks of cedar, which was of the most valuable red species, were curiosities. There were plenty of stumps ten feet in diameter and trees lying felled ready for cutting down into logs, of seventy and ninety feet barrel without a limb, and so symmetrical that they might have been imagined columns preparing for some gigantic temple. Many of them were of such large diameter that close to the limbs I could barely place my hand on the top side as they lay on the ground; so that the logs had to be halved by splitting before they could be sawed with the whipsaw. The sawyers were directed by the Sydney merchants to get the plank out as large as possible for speed in shipping. I saw one only ten feet long containing a thousand feet. But the most extraordinary circumstance was the amount of money some of these men were earning. The cedar was so soft that, to use their own phrase, they could cut as much of it as they liked; and they got from eight to twelve cents *per foot* for it. A party of three or four would come down from Sydney four or five hundred dollars in debt to some publican where they had been boarding while they had a spree, work for six months and go back with their debt cleared off, and from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars to take. But their earnings, like those of the laboring class at large in the colony, did them no good. The land regulations were such that no small capitalist could get possession of any. Homeless and unsettled they spent all they earned as fast as they became possessed of it. I cannot conceive anything more unprincipled, more coolly inhuman, than the course of the British Government on this point. It was avowed so unblushingly, too. If we sell small quantities of land, all these laborers will become farmers themselves; and then we patricians will have no plebeians to work for us.

I found the condition and habits of these lumbermen much as had been represented to me. They were as wild a set of human beings as could well be met with, of any civilized race.—After all, it was not in the woods, where they lay scattered, that this rude and lawless community could be seen in all its lawlessness.—The huts were generally from three to ten miles back from the best harbor of Kikna, where the cedar was embarked. When a fair wind from Sydney was observed to be blowing, away would go the whole community to the beach. As there were quite a number of little vessels in the trade, there was always sure to be one or more come in with every fair wind. And the first business of every boat was to send ashore the five, ten, fifteen gallon kegs of rum which had been ordered by various parties. Sometimes there were seven, eight or ten of these kegs. And, no matter who had ordered them, they were common property as soon as they touched the shore. If the owner was not there, when he came he was told he ought to have been there; people couldn't wait for him. At the head of the little bay where the boats anchored, there were a couple of acres of rich greensward, girdled round by the close, dark forest, save on the side next the sea. On this spot the kegs were set down on one end, and the other presently driven in with an axe. The drinking vessel was a tin pint passed from hand to hand. The scene which ensued onward through the day and night, and often for three or four days and nights in succession, might have furnished a painter with hints for a pirate's isle. Many of the men had with them convict women, who had served their sentences, and were free, or had absconded from private service before becoming free, and made their way down into these woods. And oftentimes, as the night wore on, and the fierce revelry progressed by the blaze of the wind-fanned fires, the sea breaking with harsh, monotonous roar along the pebbly beach, the boats heaving and setting as they rode at anchor within stone's throw, fighting going on at some fires, singing at others, women dancing with their hair streaming in the wind, or lying stretched on the grass in the stupor of intoxication—altogether a scene was presented such as happily human society seldom furnishes.

This district has now been thickly settled for many years, and is become the garden of the old Australian settlements. But many of the places still retain the names given them by these wild pioneers. There is still the *Hell-hole* in the mountains, where, in the dark depths of a ravine full of huge moss-covered boulders, sombre and gloomy on the sunniest day, but utterly reckless by night, a dreadful and treacherous murder was perpetrated by one convict on another poor invalid creature on his way to the hospital, for the sake of a solitary sovereign. There is still the *Fairy meadow*, a little prairie, when found first, lying deeply embosomed in the woods; its surface so beautifully even, covered with a turf so fine and verdant, its outline curved so arb-like that it must be doubted whether any other two words in our language could have described it as well. There is still *Tom Thumb's Lagoon*, a sheet of water too large to be called a pond, too shallow to be rated as a lagoon without the descriptive epithet, its depth generally being not quite sufficient to bring the surface of the water to the pedestrian's knees.

All who are acquainted with the habitual originality of the backwoodsman's character, will readily perceive that the piquancy of that character is in no wise diminished when the additional features of a felon education and a convict experience appertain to it. It often struck me that the short pithy axioms of these people, on such moral subjects as they chose to moralize on, were vastly more convincing than whole pages of Paley; as this to the offender, in a case of theft among themselves:—"If you could not do *with* what belonged to you, how was that man to do *without* what belonged to him?" There were many more such that not Epictetus could surpass. In fact there existed with them a complete code of the sort; and every man among themselves was held amenable to it. If one was heard wearily complaining of the infinitions of his servitude, he was asked—"What is the use of a dog barking when he can't bite?" They seemed, in short, to have made and gathered from other sources a system of prudential apothegms applicable to their own peculiar condition.

As Clerk of the Court through which they applied for tickets of leave, I had an opportunity of learning the nature of the original offences of many of the prisoners. I was astonished by discovering that a very large proportion of the Irish convicts were under sentence, not for immoral delinquencies, but for such as were of a purely political sort. They were in fact martyrs of patriotism as strictly as either Kossuth or Mazzini, or the men exiled by the present Emperor of the French. Yet they were subjected to the one degrading and galling discipline with the most obscure and ruffianly of malefactors.

At length our Police Magistrate, (or as he was called on the station, Commandant,) was superseded; his regiment being about to proceed to India. The gentleman sent to supply his place was an old major of the same regiment who had just sold out. This veteran officer I could hear from the privates was as much liked in the regiment as his predecessor at the station was disliked. They reported of him what I suppose was then almost unparalleled in the British army: he had passed forty years in the regiment, and never been necessary in any way to a soldier's being flogged. He soon made himself at home among the people of the district. Being a most decided *bon vivant* and an inveterate rifleman, he spent the chief of his time bringing down rare birds in the woods, and in lunching with the bushwoodsmen and laughing at their attempts to imitate his pistol-shooting. The latter seemed to them to have something miraculous about it; and together with his benignancy of feeling towards a nobbler of rum and his laissez-faire mode of conducting police business, quickly made him a very popular man among the sawyers. There was no necessity for erecting off the musket signals through the two hundred huts in The Long Brush when he was coming. If a bushranger did not actually label himself as such, he might sit down in the same grugal,* and eat beefsteaks, damper,† and drink strong tea, and smoke a pipe with our old Irish major without the smallest risk. In court it was amusing to see the frankness with which he gave in the point, that as to the business for which he was sent down he neither knew nor wanted to know anything about it. When I had, as clerk, drawn the depositions, I had next to be "the Court," and write down at the foot of them what I thought was a proper judgment. Of course, this was *sub rosâ* between his worship and myself: the parties chiefly concerned knew nothing about it. The papers were handed to him to sign, and I then read them aloud, together with its judgment. There was no excuse so frivolous and shallow but he would resort to it to get rid of holding a court when the business was such as led him to suppose he would have to inflict a punishment. His distress at times was comic beyond description, but for the intense child-like gentleheartedness it betrayed. The headaches he had were past keeping any account of: so were the times he had left something or other in the woods, and had to go off and find it. Yet the soldiers said he was one of the best fighting men in the regiment, and had shown the most daring courage in the wars in France and the Peninsula.

For my own part of the matter, I must declare that I performed the vice magistracy with all the conscience and judgment I was master of. As a consequence, the settlers often came off signally ill; whilst the wretched convicts escaped when they were expecting fifty lashes, or a month in an iron-gang. I could not let a poor creature be flogged for neglect of work, when I saw that his master was not able to deny the most damnatory facts alleged by the convict in pallation. I recollect (and there were plenty of cases as bad) two men brought to court for neglect of work. The men produced the wheat the masters served out to them. One-third of the quantity was small coil. The men said, "Before we can make this fit to grind at the farm hand-mill, which itself is so old and worn out that it takes hours to grind a peck, we have to pick it all grain by grain. Then, it is black and gritty; and they likewise, we are one-third of our proper allowance short. How can he expect us to do our regulation task of work?" The master responded, "Accidents will happen in course of water carriage. I had to send this wheat from Sydney, not having yet grown any; and the boatmen's coal got aarift among the wheat, which was unbagged in the hold. Everybody in Sydney knows that I am one of the most religious men in the colony. Am I to have my farm work neglected for an accident?" Indeed, sir, the decision said, you are. And not only so; but think yourself very lucky that the whole of your assigned servants are not withdrawn and returned to government, for the egregious failure in your contract to supply them with proper food and clothing.

In other cases it would happen that men, unable to bear the protracted petty tyranny of a master, would demand "a pass" to come to the Police Office to complain. The master would refuse to give one; and then the man would start off without. The master, having watched them leave the farm, which was an offence under the code made for their management, would instantly take horse and gallop to the Police Office, and report them as having "taken the bush." The men were of course immediately found and taken into custody by the military sent off for that purpose, for they were positively coming to the office. The master, however, had made the first complaint, and there they were, not only in the disadvantageous position of convicts, but adroitly placed by the master in that of accused parties; whilst he escaping from his own position of the wrong-doer became accuser and his own witness at once. Such was the effect of the law as to the trial of convicts. A single oath, and that even of the prosecutor's own, was all that was required; and very often a mere affirmation by letter was substituted for that. The old major would never initiate a squabble with these gentry, a great many of whom were like himself, formerly military or naval officers whom the peculiar advantages held out to that class, had induced to settle in the colony. But if I commenced one, he would always stand manfully by me. Then we had such scenes as the following:

Clerk to the Prosecutor—"These men say they came from your farm, and were on their direct way hither to lodge a complaint against you. The police report that they were found on the road and making the best of their way hither."

Master—"I know nothing about that. If every convict who 'takes the bush' is to get through, by saying he ran away for the purpose of lodging a complaint of ill-treatment against his master, there will not be many punished."

Clerk—"Did they ask you for a pass?"

Master—"Well, there may have been something or other of the sort mentioned, perhaps."

Clerk—"Did they ask you for a pass?"

Master—"I'll not take on me to say exactly what took place."

Clerk—"Did they ask you for a pass?"

Master—"I've said all I have to say."

Clerk to Magistrate—"May it please your worship, is this deposition to be handed to deponent to sign and swear as 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him God!'"

Magistrate to Master—"Mr. ———; it is so clear that you know whether these men asked you for a pass or not; and that, on that depends whether they are bushrangers or under the protection of the Court, that I cannot try the case any further till you reply."

Master—"Well; they did; and that in a very mutinous way."

Clerk—"So that you have gone as near as possible to perjuring yourself. Just now you did not know what passed between you and these men four or five hours ago:—now you know not only what passed, but exactly how it passed."

Silence for a few minutes while the depositions are completed and signed, and the decision entered. Then

Clerk reads—"In the case of A. B., Esq., of ——— Farm, and his assigned convicts, tried, &c., &c., the order of the Court is that A. B., Esq., aforesaid, forfeit the assignment of C. D., and E. F., and H. G., convicts, who are forthwith to be returned to government service, he having refused to give said convicts a pass to lodge a complaint against him for ill treatment at this office. And Mr. A. B is cautioned that on no future occasion he stand between this Court and any other of his assigned convicts seeking its protection."

Unfortunately the major gave the settlers too many chances to retaliate. They got up a memorial to the Governor, showing how he ate and drank with the oft-denounced sawyers; and how anti-conservative was his administration of justice. The Governor at the time being a thorough sub-acid Tory, the major was removed. Not choosing that he should feel that I had meanly left him to be the scapegoat of my offences, I resigned.

Once more then I had, as I thought, to plan a future. Again I turned my steps toward Sydney. But by this time nothing would have persuaded me to take up my abode on The Rocks. Self culture had overcome all the miseulture of others, or rather had remedied their neglect and bad judgment, so far as to bring me up to a point which I ought to have been brought to ten years before. Meantime in the process there had been an undercurrent of thought which was to render my story to me the opportunities which in a few months more were to present themselves. So that when at length I could have obtained the best situations in the law offices in Sydney, even the unexpectedness of the circumstance did not hurry me into a desire to use it. But I will not anticipate the incidents. (TO BE CONTINUED)

*Hut, (aboriginal).

†Unleavened bread, baked in the ashes of the common fires.

BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing;
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees, old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live on; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heavens' brink.

KEATS.

THE LAWYER'S SAINT.—Bruno, a lawyer of Brittany, went to Rome to entreat the Pope to give the lawyers a patron saint. The Pope replied that he knew of no saint not already disposed of to some profession. His holiness, however, proposed that he should go round the Church of Giovanni di Laterano blindfolded, and, after saying a number of Ave Marias, the first he should lay hold of should be his patron. This, the good old lawyer undertook; and at the end of his Ave Marias, stopped at the altar of St. Michael, where he laid hold of, not the saint, but, unfortunately, the devil under the saint's feet, crying out,

"This is our saint, let him be our patron."

Useful Receipts.

THE INK OF THE ANCIENTS.—In a letter from Mr Joseph Ellis, of Brighton, addressed to the *Society of Arts' Journal*, he states that, by making a solution of shellac with borax, in water, and adding a suitable proportion of pure lamp-black, an ink is producible which is indestructible by time or by chemical agents, and which, on drying, will present a polished surface, as with the ink found on the Egyptian papyri. He made ink in the way described, and proved, if not its identity with that of ancient Egypt, yet the correctness of the formula which has been given him by the late Mr. Charles Hatchett, F. R. S.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SUPPOSED ECONOMY IN BREAD.—Twenty-six pounds and thirteen ounces of good bread have been made from fourteen pounds of flour and one and a half pounds of rice by the following method:—Tie up the rice in a thick linen bag, allowing it ample room to swell, boil for three or four hours until it becomes a smooth paste; mix this, while warm, with the flour, adding the usual quantity of yeast and salt; allow the dough to rise near the fire, and divide into loaves. It is affirmed, that flour thus treated will yield fifty per cent. more bread than by the ordinary method, but will not give one particle more nourishment.—*Scientific American*.

FOR BLEACHING COTTON CLOTH OR YARN.—To every five pounds of cloth, take 12 ounces of the chloride of lime, dissolve it in a small quantity of boiling water; when cold, strain off in a quantity of warm water, sufficient to immerse the cloth; first boil the cloth fifteen minutes in strong suds or weak lye—ring out, and rinse in clear water, then add the cloth to the chloride water, to boil from twenty to thirty minutes with frequent airings, then rinse well with blueing.—*Rural New Yorker*.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda in the water, and it will keep the flowers a fortnight.

MINT VINEGAR.—Put fresh mint leaves into a stone jar, and pour on them a sufficient quantity of the best wine vinegar to cover them. Set the jar in a warm place for fourteen days; then strain through a jelly-bag.

TO NEUTRALISE THE ACID (SOURNESS) IN FRUIT PIES AND PUDDINGS.—As the fruit season now advances, it is well worthy of notice that a large quantity of the free acid which exists in rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and other fruits, may be judiciously corrected by the use of a small quantity of carbonate of soda, without in the least affecting their flavor, so long as too much soda is not added. To an ordinary sized pie or pudding as much soda may be added as will cover a shilling, or even twice such a quantity if the fruit is very sour. If this little hint is attended to many a stomach-ache will be prevented, and a vast quantity of sugar saved; because when the acid is *partly* neutralized by the soda it will not require so much sugar to render the sour sweet.

WHAT A BOTTLE OF BRANDY DID.

An Episode in the "Patriot War."

[We take the following from the selections of an exchange, where it appears uncredited. If the story be true, it shows how the course of great events often is completely changed by apparently trivial accidents. Such seeming *accidents*, however, are often, doubtless, special providences:—]

"We came more than once near fighting," said the Canadian Colonel, as we watched the first "regular train," crossing the Niagara Suspension Bridge.

"About the *Caroline* affair, do you mean?"

"No. That was not the most critical time, though Sir Francis Head, the most wrong-headed fellow in Her Majesty's service, did his best to put things into a muddle."

"Was it when we caught that poor fool, McLeod, and came so near hanging him?"

"No. It was before that. Both Governments had time to get cool, and saw it was folly to go to war about him!"

"Still, if he had been found guilty of the murder of Duffy, we must have hung him; and as your Government had assumed the *responsibility* of the affair, how could you avoid making it a case of war?"

"A little diplomacy settled all that. We agreed to find witnesses who would swear to an *alibi*, and you agreed to believe them. Upon my honor, I think you undertook the more difficult task."

"How and when was it that we came so near coming to blows—and what prevented the catastrophe?"

"It was prevented by a bottle of bad brandy. The affair is a portion of the unwritten history of the times, and is worth the telling."

"How was it, Colonel?"

"It was not long after the burning of the *Caroline*, and there was excitement enough on both sides of the line. We had a couple of thousand men, and the Patriots were encamped on Navy Island. We had no definite information as to their numbers. Some said there were five hundred; others guessed them at three times as many. But few or many they had plenty of artillery and small arms, as I once came near finding out to my cost when I approached the Island in command of a reconnoitering force. They peppered away at us, and it is a wonder we were not blown out of the water. We had fitted out an armed flotilla, consisting of two schooners and a couple of scows, for the purpose of covering a landing upon the Island. But as we could not at the time command a sufficient number of boats, our squadron lay inactive in the river a few miles above.—Your Government had, in the meantime, sent General Scott to the frontiers to try and keep the peace. A noble fellow is the General! He has saved you and us more than one war. Don't you think your Government is acting rather shabbily, quibbling about a few dollars more or less?"

"It looks like it, Colonel. But depend upon it, all will be right at last. The country knows too well what it owes to the old veteran to suffer any injustice to be done to him."

"Well," continued the Colonel, "we lay in the river commanding the access to Navy Island, and General Scott had erected a battery on the shore commanding us, and within point blank range. About this time the little steamer *Barcelona* dropped down from Buffalo to Fort Schlosser, carrying, as everybody supposed, recruits and supplies to our neighbors on Navy Island. However, we ascertained from our spies that her papers were all regular—a peaceful trader plying between two American ports—and we could not interfere. We afterwards learned that she had commenced running between Schlosser and Navy Island, on 'pic-nic' excursions, and such like peaceful errands.—We had no means of hindering *that*, and said nothing.

"One day, intelligence reached our headquarters at Chippewa, that the *Barcelona* was about to ascend the river to Buffalo for further supplies. To do this she must come within reach of our flotilla, and our commander, Captain Graham, received orders from Colonel M'Nab and Captain Drew to arrest her. But on the very day before she was to ascend, Colonel Hughes, of the 24th, arrived at Chippewa; and as he out-ranked M'Nab, he took the command. His first step was to forbid Captain Drew to interfere with any vessel ascending the river under American colors. Much against his will the Captain was forced to send an order to this effect to the commander of the flotilla.

"At dinner Colonel Hughes changed his mind, and sent to Graham an order to 'Stop the *Barcelona*, peaceably, if possible; but at all events to stop her.'

"The mess must have had very good Port," suggested we.

"Very likely they did; and it came near costing us dear," rejoined the Colonel. "I am an old soldier now, and may safely own that I did not at all relish our position. It was easy enough, to be sure, for us to stop the *Barcelona*. We could have blown her out of the water in two minutes; but, unluckily, Scott's battery could do us the same kind turn in about three-fourths of the time. We soon had evidence that he was quite determined to do so if necessary.—For hardly had we received our orders to stop the *Barcelona*, before a boat approached the flotilla from the American shore, with a message from General Scott to the effect that, if we interfered with the steamer, he should consider it equivalent to a declaration of war, and would sink our squadron *instanter*. We were very well aware that a couple of rounds from his battery would be quite sufficient for the purpose.

"Our bluff Captain declared that he had orders to stop the *Barcelona*, and stop her he would. So he took a quiet glass of brandy and smoked a cigar with the very gentlemanly young American officer who had brought us General Scott's message, which, under the circumstances, was equivalent to a death warrant. He took a very courteous leave of us, and returned to the American side.

"'Old Graham,' as we called him, now issued his orders to the vessels of the squadron. We were to put springs on our cables, so as to be able to engage the American battery, after we had taken the *Barcelona*. Considering how completely we were in its power, this would have appeared a capital joke, had it not been a matter of life and death.

"I very well know that old Graham would go to the bottom before he would swerve from obeying orders; but being, as I have said, a young officer, it would not do to show any alarm; so I turned in to what was likely to be my last night's sleep.

"The morning broke gloriously. The thermometer stood a number of degrees below zero, and a sharp north wind blew away the mist and showed the trees on both banks glittering in the rays of the rising sun, as though every twig was hung with diamonds. By and by we saw the *Barcelona* shoot out from the island, and move slowly up stream towards us. Orders were passed to light our slow matches in readiness for action. At this moment the bugles in the American batteries sounded a call; we could see the gunners fall into their place, load their pieces, and bring a couple of them to bear directly upon each of our vessels. We were so near that we could actually see them light their slow matches.

"All this time the *Barcelona* kept creeping up towards us. She was a slow boat at best, and wind and current being against her, she did not make more than a couple of miles an hour; but even at this rate, half an hour would bring her up to us, when we were sure Graham would order us to fire upon her; which we were just as sure would be followed by Scott's firing upon us, and sending us to keep her company at the bottom. It would have been an even chance which of us went first over the falls.

"Just at this moment we saw a dragoon on our side hailing us, and holding up a despatch from head-quarters. A gig was sent, and the document was brought on board. It was from Col. Hughes, and was short, and to the point:

"'Under no circumstances will Capt. Graham interfere with any vessel bearing the American flag.'

"I am not now afraid to own that I was delighted with this new order, though I would not then have acknowledged it for the world. Graham swore like a trooper, but has no other alternative than to give orders to the commanders of the other vessels to let the *Barcelona* pass. They swore, too, and seemed vastly grieved that they had lost such a capital chance of going to the bottom.

"Meanwhile the *Barcelona* puffed lazily up, and as she passed between our vessels we were saluted with a cheer from her decks, which in no wise tended to soothe our ruffled feelings.

"Hardly was the steamer out of sight, when a boat was seen approaching us from Chippewa. It bore an officer charged to arrest Col. Graham for disobedience of orders and neglect of duty in suffering the *Barcelona* to pass. He was sent to head quarters to give an account of himself. He produced the despatch forbidding him to interfere with any vessel under American colors. Its purport was unmistakable, and there was no doubt of the genuineness of the signature of Col. Hughes; but it was neither dated nor numbered.

"The whole matter was soon explained. It seems that Captain Lockwood was in command of a troop of dragoons, who were on patrol duty along the river. Happening early in the morning to enter a small grog shop midway between Chippewa and the station of the flotilla, he espied a dragoon stretched out on the floor, as drunk as a lord. Upon searching him an order was found on his person, directed to 'Captain Graham in command of the flotilla.' Lockwood at once dispatched this by his own orderly, the original bearer being too drunk to explain how long it had been in his possession. It turned out to be the first order of Colonel Hughes, sent before dinner on the preceding day; and to which he had fortunately forgotten to affix any date or number.

"Graham receiving it the day after, very naturally concluded that it was subsequent to the one ordering him to stop the Barcelona, and so, sorely against his grain, he allowed her to pass."

"Had the dragoon kept sober, he would have delivered the despatch the day before," suggested we.

"And Graham would have stopped the Barcelona, and—"

"Scott would have fired upon your flotilla, and—"

"I should not have had the pleasure of narrating this incident to you."

"War would have been inevitable, think you?"

"How could it have been avoided with Sir Francis Head to give his version of the story to our government, and the red hot 'sympathizers' on your side?"

"We would have 'annexed' the Canadas," said I confidently.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not. At all events not before our fleets had bombarded New York and Boston," replied the Colonel.

"If you had gone to war with us seventeen years ago, you would have hardly have been in a condition to have fought Russia, just now."

"Quite possibly," assented we.

"So," moralized the Colonel, "that bottle of bad brandy has changed the course of the world's history for a century."

ASTRONOMICAL.—Modern science recognizes shooting stars, fire balls and meteoric stones, as bodies which enter our atmosphere from external space with immense velocities. From the great elevation at which these objects are luminous, it has been inferred that their light has little or no dependence on aerial action; and, indeed, the pressure of the air alone could not account for the greatness of the illumination which marks their approach to the earth, but ceases when they enter the dense stratum of the atmosphere. The diameter of many luminous meteors has been estimated at two or three thousand feet; and the globe of light which they exhibit must have been several million times greater than the largest meteoric stone yet found on the earth's surface. The origin and the composition of these bodies are points which have long divided the opinions of astronomers, but the profoundest investigation has as yet proved unavailing, so far as any positive and universally received conclusion is concerned.

THE GEOLOGIST TO HIS LOVE.

Some busy gnome has been at work
To rob my mind of peace,
And changed my heart to pumice stone,
That was akin to grease.
It seems to be as tender now
As crumbling mica slate,
And its component parts are in
A strange transition state.

Your charms are printed on my brain
In carboniferous words,
As plainly as on Hadley rocks
The tracks of ancient birds.
And strata of new feelings, love,
Crop out as strong and bold,
As sandstone from the hillside crops
Above the rocks of old.

And through my daily life there runs
The most delightful thoughts,
As runs a thread of precious ore
Through cold auriferous quartz:
And as the secondary rocks
The primal overlap,
So this alluvial sentiment
Is quite distinct from trap!

Beneath your gaze I do believe
Beat the bon'dors thrill,
And that Mount Tom itself would throb
Obedient to your will.
So might your glances turn a brick
To purple amethyst,
And change to passion's willing slave
A cold geologist.

The humid rays your eyes emit
Would warm a stalagmite;
And their ethereal hue outvies
Prismatic Iolite.
Then look with favor as I thus,
Impulsive, break my mind,
As I would break a block of flint
Mediæval life to find.

I have no doubt that love can claim
Volcanic origin,
And that th' arterial fount is where
Its subtle fires begin.
Its calide permeates all my life,
As lustre does the spar,
And courses through my tingling veins
Like fumes of cinnabar.

Then prithee fix the happy time—
The incandescent hour,
When coral artists shall arise
To deck our bridal bower:
And if some tender acrolites
Shou d answer Hymen's knock,
We'll classify the specimens,
My love, as cradle rock!

THE DEVIL'S MARK.

A STORY OF THE 17th CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

On the morning of August 1st, 1614, the village of Hambledon was the scene of much lively bustle which rallied chiefly round the dwelling of Master Simon, farrier, blacksmith and wheelwright for the township. Master Simon's only daughter Rose—the White Rose of Hambledon, the folks called her—was going to be married that day to her cousin, Richard Nicholl, who had come to Hambledon about a year before to work at the forge for his kinsman, whose strength was declining, and had fallen in love at once with the pretty and warm-hearted Rose. They were a very well-matched couple of young people, for if she was as blooming and sweet as her name, Richard was the goodliest man in that parish, and many another. She was nineteen, and he was twenty-six—both of them in the full glow and excellence of youth.

The forge fire was out that morning, and if any traveller's horse had chosen to cast a shoe near the village, he must have gone a couple of miles further, to Whistlebank, before the damage could have been repaired. In Master Simon's cottage were collected half the women of the place, but Rose's chamber was the favorite point, for there the young maiden's toilet was being accomplished by half-a-dozen of her particular friends. We ought not to go into that mysterious sanctum, I know; but for the telling of our story it is necessary that we should look through the doorway and over the heads of the crowding gossips and listen also to the remarks of the handmaidens engaged in their agreeable tasks. The costume of those days was not remarkable either for its picturesqueness or its grace; but Rose's pretty shape and sweet face were proof against its disfigurements. She stood in the centre of the room, fair and blushing, in a petticoat of remarkable stiffness, and a boddice of preternatural length, her gold-colored hair rolled up elaborately, and a highly-starched ruff lying close at hand, to imprison her round, white throat.

There was not one of the half dozen friends so beautiful as Rose; but one of them—the chief it seemed—from her being the putter on of the bows and decorative paraphernalia of the dress, had a singular countenance—cold, repellant, and stone-gray. The blackness of her eyebrows, which met and were depressed over her eyes, gave her a furtive, stealthy expression, and her narrow, scarlet lips, while they indicated a sensual disposition, showed also one of cruelty and vindictiveness. She was older than most of the girls, but still quite young, and had pretensions to beauty which she was more ready to assert than others were to allow. Everybody, however, Rose included, treated her with a certain respect, for she was waiting-woman to my lady the wife of Sir Roger Bedinfield, at Hambledon Hall. Her name was Mistress Gilbert, and she was reputed to possess philters and love-charms, which, in those good old times, were held in high repute, not only among silly maidens, but even among wise and discreet matrons. One charm, however, Mistress Gilbert did not possess—that charm which would have charmed Richard Nicholl's heart out of his bosom. Her disappointed hopes had been a by theme of talk many a time in the village, and even Rose herself had shared in it. Possibly that was the reason why, when Mistress Gilbert's chilly hands glided so stealthily about her person, a slight shiver kept running over her flesh.

"You are cold, Rose," said the waiting-woman; "shut the window, some of you. You shudder all over when you are touched."

"It can't be that her enemy is walking over the place where her grave is to be," remarked a careless young body, who looked straight at Mistress Gilbert, and then turned red under the cold scrutiny that she received from her cruel eyes.

"Rose is too good to have an enemy. Every one loves her," said the waiting-woman, slowly. Directly she had spoken, she approached her lips to the white polished shoulder, and blew softly at a tiny brown mark, and then brushed it with her hand carelessly.

"You will have to blow a long time before you blow away that little mole, Mistress Gilbert," laughed Rose; "I was born with it."

"I am short-sighted this morning—I mistook it for a fly," and the waiting woman began to arrange the starched ruff.

Rose would have been glad to dispense with the honor of Mistress Gilbert's company at her marriage; because Richard Nicholl did not like her, and also because the waiting-woman's aspirations after the handsome young smith offended her feminine prejudices; but Mistress Gilbert invited herself, for the purpose of dressing the bride, and even lent her taste and skill in composing the attire to be worn on the occasion, so there was no evading her cold, uncomfortable presence. When the ceremony was over in the chamber, and Rose's beauty was eclipsed as far as it could be by her stiff clothing, she was ushered into the living room; where were her father, Richard as fine as herself, and the male friends of the family.

Richard received her with a fine, honest blush, which was more softly reflected on her own face; and, after a short interval, the whole company fell into order, two and two, to walk across the green to church, where Parson Phillips was waiting to marry the young pair. My Lady Bedinfield and two of her daughters had thought fit to honor the ceremony by coming to look on from the elevation of the family pew, and afterwards to praise the rustic grace of the White Rose of Hambledon. Mistress Lucy Bedinfield, and her sister Elizabeth, would have given half their rich clothing for a tint out of her cheeks; they were but sickly young gentlewomen, on whose complexions Mistress Gilbert's various washes had no effect at all, unless it were to make them deader and duller than even Nature—who colored them in one of her penurious, pallid moods—had ever intended.

When Rose walked out of church, her pretty blue eyes downcast, and holding Richard's arm, the folks inside blessed her softly as became the place, and those outside gave them a cheer, after which the bells rang out a famous wedding peal. Mistress Gilbert's clayey visage looked colder and more clayey than ever, as they disappeared. Nobody heeded her, and she did not choose to follow the returning party to Master Simon's house; but when my Lady Bedinfield, the rabble being dispersed, issued stately from the family pew with her daughters behind her, she was graciously told that she might walk with them to the Hall. Perhaps my lady loved a little gossip as much as if she were a mere common person; and, if so, her waiting-woman was just the person to gratify her, not being in the least scrupulous that her intelligence should be fact rather than fiction.

"They are a pretty pair of lovers, I'm sure, and Rose's dress was uncommon gay," said Lady Bedinfield, who had a mother's heart.

"Her cheek could not have looked fresher if it had been painted. Gilbert, your new wash for the face is quite useless," querulously observed Mistress Elizabeth; "I am sure it dries the skin."

"Natural roses have the finest bloom," replied Lady Bedinfield, who had been a beauty herself, and was still a handsome woman. She sometimes had a little spite against her daughters for being so unmanageably plain.

"Rose Nicholl's bloom looks natural," said Mistress Gilbert, with an air of sarcastic respect; "it looks even brighter than nature."

"You are jealous, Gilbert; we know all about the young suitor's indifference to black eyes when blue ones are willing to shine on him," returned Lady Bedinfield, with a jolly laugh—she was above caring for her waiting-woman's feelings, and besides, she had just been touched and pleased by the pretty scene in the church. A marriage always refreshed her, and made her think of her own youth.

Mistress Gilbert's face blushed lividly. That taunt was not needed to increase the deadly hatred she had conceived for Richard and his young wife. She dropped behind and would not answer when spoken to. Lady Bedinfield called to her just as they were entering the house, and said in the same tone of mockery:

"If Rose's beauty is all paint, why don't you put it on too, Gilbert?"

"I did not say it was all paint, my lady. I wish it were. It would be the less harm," replied the waiting-woman.

"If it is neither Nature nor paint, what is it?" asked Lady Bedinfield.

"It is the devil's beauty. I saw his mark on her neck to-day," said Mistress Gilbert.

Lady Bedinfield laughed again, but this time in a less loud and assured manner. Scarcely any one in those very good old times was altogether free from the black plague-spot of superstition, and she was neither better nor wiser than her age. She entered her house in silence and Mistress Gilbert, pacing her room that night vehemently, as a caged wild beast newly caught, rejoiced to think that she had dropped on her rival's fair fame the first deadly drop of that corrosive poison which she hoped ere long to see blacken and blast it utterly.

CHAPTER II.

The apartments of the two sisters at Bedinfield Hall adjoined, and Mistress Gilbert passed from one to the other attending on the young ladies. There was company that day; especially, there was one young gallant named Sir Henry Cavendish, whom either of the girls would have been proud to captivate: for, not only was he handsome, brave, and accomplished, but he was also wealthy. Mistress Lucy stood before her mirror, fully dressed; but there was dissatisfaction on her countenance—she had small, delicate features, but her skin was cloudy, her eyes were looking in brilliance. Mistress Elizabeth was even worse favored; for her visage was long and lean, as well as colorless, and her eyes were not so perfectly out as they might have been. The waiting-woman had suffered something from their tongues that morning, as her chafed and hurried manner betrayed.

"You will soon be of no more use to me than a mole, Gilbert. Can you not see how thick my complexion is to-day?" said Mistress Lucy, pointing at her own reflection in the glass; she always laid the blame of Nature's defects on her abigail.

"Yes, Mistress Lucy, I see—" she hesitated a minute, opened the door to look into the passage, and then whispered, hurriedly, "I have a powder that I got from Mistress Turner in London; but if I let you have some, my lady must never know."

"Ah, good Gilbert, I will not tell her;—speak low that Elizabeth may not hear. How does this powder affect one?"

"It preserves youth, makes the skin smooth, and gives it a bloom like a little child's; but it is highly dangerous."

"How dangerous? Is it a poison?"

Mistress Elizabeth, overhearing the mysterious whispering, crept stealthily behind her door, watched through a chink, and listened. The arrival of Sir Henry Cavendish had sown jealousy between the sisters.

"It is a mineral poison; but with care and in very small quantities, it is safe. In a week you would be as fair as Rose Nicholl! Will you try it? or do you fear the risk?"

"Oh! I will try it. I would try anything to have a face like the young smith's wife; but promise me not to let Elizabeth have any."

Mistress Gilbert gave the required pledge, and then stole away to her own chamber to fetch the powder. The watcher waited for her return impatiently. When Gilbert re-entered the room, she brought in her hand a small box of ebony, which she opened with a key attached to a chain hidden under her ruff. Elizabeth listened breathlessly; but she could not quite catch all that was said. But she saw a small packet given to her sister, and by her, after a portion of its contents had been extracted for immediate use, deposited in her jewel box. How that taken out was used, she could not see; for Mistress Gilbert carried it to where stood the ewer and basin, and thither Mistress Lucy went to apply it; but she heard the waiting woman say, "It will sink—mingle it well with the water;" so she conjectured it was something to be swallowed, and determined that she herself would soon have a face as fair as Rose, the smith's wife, if it only depended on taking the powder hidden in the jewel-box.

The application of the powder made no perceptible improvement in Mistress Lucy's face that day, and Sir Henry Cavendish was by no means charmed out of his senses; but, in the course of the week, there was certainly a change for the better, and Mistress Elizabeth—who had not yet found an opportunity to lay her hands upon any of the powder—became more and more eager to profit by its beautifying effects. One evening Mistress Lucy left her chain with the jewel box key fastened to it on her table, and her sister, who had never ceased to watch, availed herself of this chance to possess herself of a good portion of what remained of the powder. She immediately mixed a little of it with water, and drank it.

Very soon she was seized with pain, nausea, and sickness; but not so severely as to enforce greater caution in using the powder, for she repeated the dose daily. She suffered, but her skin acquired a clearness which it had never worn before, and this would have reconciled her to anything short of martyrdom. Her store being exhausted, and the key falling no more into her possession, she was obliged for a time to desist from her beguiling experiments. Mistress Lucy, however, still steadily continued her application—she used the water in which the powder was dissolved as a cosmetic,—but, though her complexion became clear, it did not gain the much-coveted bloom of the village smith's wife. Both the sisters would occasionally visit her in her cottage, and as Rose's beauty was on the blush always when they so honored her, they went away each time more envious and more envious than before. At last Mistress Gilbert's ebony box was empty, and no more of the powder could be obtained, until Sir Roger Bedinfield went up to London with his family, when the celebrated Mistress Turner might be induced to part with more at a price something like twice its weight in gold. Mistress Lucy was very impatient of this delay, but at length, though Mistress Turner was then in trouble for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, a supply was obtained from another person, and the beautifying discipline was recommenced by the elder sister at once. Whether some more deadly ingredient was now mingled with it, or it was unskillfully prepared, or, what is still more probable, Mistress Lucy used it incautiously and too often, it now began to work on the muscles of the face, and the miserable girl awoke one morning with her mouth drawn on one side, and frightfully disfigured. Mistress Gilbert, terrified at her appearance, and rightly attributing it to the cosmetic, to shield herself from all suspicion, immediately exclaimed that her young lady was bewitched—and, as all new or ill-understood disease was, in these good old times, laid to supernatural influences, this was readily believed. But, bewitched or poisoned, poor young Mistress Lucy's days of vanity were past, and she would never charm Sir Henry Cavendish, or any gay gallant with her face again. Mistress Elizabeth was so much shocked and grieved for some days that she forgot to profit by all the opportunities that at this crisis, fell in her way for appropriating the powder; and, when she recovered her spirits, and looked for it in the jewel box, she found that it had been removed. At first she thought of frightening Mistress Gilbert into giving her some by threatening to tell Lady Bedinfield; but caution interposed to remind her how many petty secrets of hers the waiting woman could employ against her if so disposed. Therefore she determined to wait until they returned in the spring to Hambledon, when she would endeavor to get at the precious store in the ebony box itself.

CHAPTER III.

Lady Bedinfield devoted herself like a good mother to her afflicted daughter; and, when they retired to their country-house—where the only amusements were such as her health and spirits were far too broken to enjoy—they might be seen almost daily wandering through the shrubberies together, or sitting under the trees. Poor Mistress Lucy could not bear to be seen by the most intimate friends, or even by the villagers; and, the idea that she had been bewitched, gained ground fast.

Mistress Gilbert was one of those patient haters, who never balk themselves of their revenge by rushing upon it prematurely. To screen her own malpractices, she had said at first that Mistress Lucy was bewitched; but it did not occur to her then to turn this to the furtherance of her schemes against Rose Nicholl. One lovely June evening, however, in passing by the smith's cottage, she saw a gathering of the village goodies, who told her that the Waite Rose, her detested rival, had just got a little son; and, a week or two later, she saw the young mother herself standing at her open window with the child in her arms, and the stalwart smith leaning in, making gentle paternal advances, to her great and laughing delight. Mistress Gilbert's heart felt like a lump of molten lead in her bosom at this picture. She stopped, and looked at it wickedly over the hedge for several minutes, and then rushed rapidly homewards. Her plan was maturing.

A dreadful scene greeted her when she arrived: the house was in an uproar. Everybody running hither and thither, calling for this thing and that, in frantic haste. Mistress Elizabeth was ill, she was dying—dying in agonies; her shrieks could be heard half over the house.

"She is poisoned," said Lady Bedinfield, who was shuddering and weeping by her daughter's writhing form; but Mistress Gilbert, bending over the bed her ash gray face, said: "No, I have seen these convulsions before; she is bewitched, like Mistress Lucy."

Every one in the room paused aghast with their remedies, but Lady Bedinfield said,

"Who can pursue our family with such a relentless hatred? Whom have we any of us injured? There is worthy Parson Phillips coming to our aid; let him be admitted."

While the minister recited his prayers, Mistress Elizabeth died. "She has been poisoned," he also observed; but the doctor, not being able to name the drug that had killed her, solemnly countenanced Mistress Gilbert's idea, that she had been bewitched. The waiting woman was not long in discovering where Mistress Elizabeth had found her fatal draught. Advantage had been taken of her absence to break open the ebony box and abstract the cosmetic powder. Too large an internal dose had done its work forever.

From the time of her sister's death, poor Mistress Lucy's health also began fast to decline. She became subject to long fits of melancholy depression, and more than ever evaded seeing strangers. Still she would go out of doors, and her favorite haunt was a sunny knoll in the plantations, where she would sit for hours with either her mother or Mistress Gilbert. Any sudden noise; even the flight of a bird from one branch to another, would cause her to tremble convulsively, as if with overwhelming dread; for the poor girl had heard it said that she was bewitched, and the idea worked in her imagination until she believed it. It happened one morning while in the wood, as usual, that Rose Nicholl—with her baby in her arms on her way to the Hall, to show him to Lady Bedinfield, as she had received commands to do so—passed within sight of Mistress Lucy and the waiting-woman. Rose was singing as blithely as any bird, and never noticed the two under the trees; but Mistress Lucy began to shudder and cry out,

"Is it Rose Nicholl that has bewitched you, Mistress Lucy?" asked Mistress Gilbert, earnestly.

"Yes, yes," replied the nervous creature following the retreating figure with wild eyes.

"I always thought so! I saw the devil's mark upon her neck the day she was married," cried the waiting-woman, triumphantly.

When they returned home, Mistress Lucy told her mother that all her deformity and all her present illness had been inflicted upon her by the malice of Rose Nicholl, the smith's wife, and that the sight of her threw her into convulsions such as those in which her sister died. Lady Bedinfield was troubled, but suspicious. She consulted her husband, who was remarkable for anything rather than sagacity, and proposed to have Rose tried by one of the common prickers who made it their business to go from place to place discovering witches and bringing them to punishment. Sir Roger consented, and Mistress Gilbert having undertaken to produce a witch-finder, innocent, unconscious Rose was indicated to him as a suspected person; and full of the importance of his terrible office, the pricker went to the smith's house, when he was at his forge. Master Simon also was away from home, and Rose, with her baby asleep in her lap, sat sewing diligently, like the good housewife and housemother that she was. The pricker obtained an entrance into the cottage by pleading that he had walked far and was tired; as the unsuspicious Rose bade him rest himself and gave him some refreshment. Presently two of the village women sauntered in, ostensibly to see the baby, but in reality, by pre-concert with the pricker, to help in the examination. They all began to talk, and presently led the conversation round to the subject of witches and warlocks. There had been many hundreds of wicked and cruel executions in England during recent years for the crime of witchcraft, and Rose had heard of them, like others: indeed, a witch had been swum and drowned in Hambledon mill-pond within her own memory. She expressed great commiseration for this old woman, and said that she believed many unfortunates were the victims of the malice of their enemies, rather than real criminals, as was pretended. The pricker took umbrage at this remark, perhaps because Mistress Gilbert's bribe lay heavy on his conscience at the moment; and, thinking to daunt Rose, he exclaimed, that she herself was a notorious witch and evil liver, and he was there to prove it.

Rose started up; and, when the two women approached to lay hold on her, she broke from them, and rushed out at the door shrieking: "Richard, Richard, help me!"

The hammer was not going in the forge just then, and the smith heard her. Clutching a stout cudgel, he ran to the spot; and, while the two assistants decamped, he seized the pricker in a grasp like a vice, and, without waiting for explanation, proceeded to belabor him so soundly that the miserable official was likely to have a skin full of sore-aching bones for a month to come.

When her husband paused, Rose said, bitterly weeping: "He is a witch-finder, Richard, and declares that I am a witch. He came here to prove it. Oh, where, where shall we fly? You know, dear husband, that I am your own true wife, and no wicked witch. Don't you, love?" She clung to him beseechingly. In these good old times there were few ties of blood or of affection that did not break under this terrible accusation; but the smith loved his Rose dearly; and, having an intense antipathy to the manipulations of such odious gentry as the pricker, his wrath was so far increased by the idea that they might have been exercised on his young wife, as to find it indispensable to beat him again, and then to throttle him until he confessed that he had received a bribe from Mistress Gilbert to accuse Rose. A second shaking made him give up the instrument with which he proposed to prick for the devil's mark which all witches bore on their persons. This instrument was a steel needle with a hollow handle, into which it retired under very slight pressure, coming out again when that pressure was withdrawn, so that though it appeared to run into the flesh, it in reality did not even break the skin; as the devil's mark could be pricked, as was asserted, without the witch feeling any pain and without blood following the withdrawal of the needle, this ingenious piece of mechanism answered every malicious purpose; and, with its lying witness, did to death many a poor innocent wretch; who, after conviction, was tortured into confessing every enormity that the diseased imaginations of wickedness or superstitious examiners could devise. The smith was something of a mechanician himself, and immediately discovered the secret of the instrument, which he determined to carry to Parson Phillips. As luck would have it, the minister coming across the green at the moment, he hailed him to come in, and related what had been threatened against Rose.

"These common prickers are common knaves, I hope you have—," the parson glanced significantly at the cudgel, as much as to add, "used it well!" The smith nodded affirmatively.

The pricker was trying to sneak off, but Richard stopped him, and said no—not until he had been before Sir Richard Bedinfield and had a judicial whipping as a cheat, and then a ducking by the village folk; who would be glad to give him one when they saw how very readily they might, any, or all of them be proved witches and wizards by the painless trial of the pricking instrument. A good number of the rustics had gathered at a respectful distance from the cottage, waiting for the issue of what was going on there, the news of which the two women had taken pains to spread; and, when they saw the official dragged out by the smith, Parson Phillips following, and Rose looking out from the doorway, a few of them felt glad that the pretty white Rose of their village had escaped the dangerous trial; but when the smith came among them, and exhibited the trick of the witchfinder's needle, nothing would satisfy them except the summary administration of justice there and then; so the bruised wretch was hauled off to the mill pond, ducked until he was half-dead, and then driven out of the village with hoots and execrations.

Mistress Gilbert was foiled of her revenge for the present; but, she said with a deadly tenacity: "Though he was not a true witch-finder, that does not make Rose Nicholl less a witch."

And the village began to look coldly on the smith's wife, and to avoid passing near her door, lest she should blight them and theirs with her evil eye.

CHAPTER IV.

The very name of witch was fatal in those good old times. No one could long bear it with impunity; and this poor Rose well knew. To see herself hated and feared poisoned her life with a dread that the general feeling might extend itself to her husband, her father, and her child. Sometimes she wished she was dead, as the only way of escape from the indignities and cruelties which she had heard of as inflicted upon other women, probably as innocent of witchcraft as herself.

Six months after the visit of the pricker, Mistress Lucy Bedinfield died; and, the old report that she had been bewitched was revived, with the addition that it was Rose Nicholl, and Rose Nicholl only, who had laid upon her the spells that had destroyed her.

Every calamity that happened in the village was now laid to the charge of the smith's wife. If an old person died from age, Rose had bewitched him or her; if a baby perished from weakness, Rose had bewitched it; if a crop failed, Rose had bewitched the seed; if the corn, when heavy in the ear, was laid by violent rain, Rose had raised the storm; if a horse cast a shoe, Rose had bewitched the nails, or the hammer, or the anvil. Rose might look as innocent and pretty as she would, but popular superstition declared her to be a witch, and popular persecution used her as one.

Mistress Gilbert scarcely found her schemes march so quickly as she desired; but, an unexpected aid came to her from another quarter. A poor old woman at Whistlebank was tried for witchcraft, and, under her tortures, she gave a list of names of persons whom she said she had herself seen at the Sabbath or general meeting of witches and warlocks. She did not, at first, mention Rose Nicholl; but, the name being suggested to her, she also avowed that she had seen her, and no later ago than the previous Friday night. All the accused were immediately arrested, and carried before Sir Roger Bedinfield, and two other magistrates as sapient as himself. In vain did Richard Nicholl swear, that at the time his wife was stated to be present at the horrible mysteries of the witches' Sabbath, she was sleeping comfortably at his side; he was told that the devil deluded him by putting a semblance of her in her place, that he might not discover her nocturnal absences. The poor smith was nearly maddened: but, what answer could a man make to magistrates, who were so deeply in the fiend's confidence to know every stratagem he employed; Richard was persuaded of his wife's innocence, but he could not prevail on others to believe in it; and, though Parson Phillips protested against the confessions of an old woman crazed by pain being received as evidence against Rose and her so-called accomplices, no attention was paid to his remonstrance, and they were all confined until the day when they were to be tried.

These must have been strange times that folks now call "good old times;" when a man, who loved his wife more fondly than anything else in the world, could ejaculate fervently, "Thank God!" when he was told that she was dead. Two days after poor Rose was thrown into prison, Parson Phillips brought these tidings to the smith, and said that he had leave to bring her body home, and give her Christian burial. Terrified at the accusation brought against her, deprived of her child and her husband, the young creature was seized with fever, and died in her prison—by God's mercy both the parson and Richard thought, for she thereby escaped the doom of her companions in misfortune, against whose names stands in the criminal records of the time, the fatal words—"convict and burnt."

The smith brought his poor White Rose home on the third anniversary of their marriage; and the next day she was interred, with all the rites of the church, amidst the too late repentance of her persecutors. Master Simon and Richard stood by the grave in angry sorrow, and directly opposite them, with her wicked eyes fixed on the smith's face, was Mistress Gilbert. As he was moving away at last, their glances met; the waiting-woman laughed triumphantly and pointed downwards at the coffin with a significant air. Richard looked at her steadily for a moment, and then said, in a deep, concentrated tone, which the hearers recalled afterwards as a tone of prophecy:

"Ay, Mistress Gilbert, there lies the body of my poor Rose, that you hated, and her spirit is safe in Heaven. You may laugh now, but you shall not laugh long. The day is near when your body shall raise a howe that shall be seen from Whistlebank to Carnridge, and your spirit shall shirl to be heard from Hecklestone for three miles round.

Mistress Gilbert only laughed the louder as she marched away.

But Richard Nicholl's words came true.

The Hecklestone was a tall block of granite, set up in Hambledon Park, on an elevation about a hundred yards from the house. So long as it remained, there were two marks upon the top, which tradition said were made by the burning hands of Mistress Gilbert; she was set on fire accidentally, and, flying from the house, in her agony she ran up to Hecklestone, screaming, and clung to it, blazing all over, until the light was seen "from Whistlebank to Carnridge, and her cries were heard for three miles round." People ran to her help, but the story goes that the fire resisted every effort to put it out. Mistress Gilbert was burnt to ashes; and, wherever the wind scattered them, says tradition, the ground was forever after barren.

THE SPOTS ON THE SUN.—When the Jesuit Scheiner first discovered the spots on the sun, he dared not publish his discovery, although he confided it to a few of his most intimate pupils. After repeated observations had removed all doubt as to their existence, he consulted the Provincial Father of his Order, a zealous peripatetic philosopher, who refused to believe in anything of the kind, because Aristotle had said that the sun is all over shining with light. "I have several times read my Aristotle," he sagely observed, "from beginning to end, and I can assure you that he mentions not a syllable about it. Go, my son; make yourself easy, and take it for certain that what you suppose to be spots on the sun are nothing but flaws in your glasses, or your eyes." Scheiner obeyed his superior's advice, said no more about the spots on the sun, and retired, after admitting that his eyes must be in the wrong, and Aristotle in the right. But the spots on the sun were not to be so put down. A senator of Augsbourg, named Veiser, who had heard whispers about the novel heresy, wrote to Galileo. The great astronomer replied that Scheiner's eyes were as good as need be, and that he himself had watched those spots for some time past.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF A FAMILIAR QUOTATION.—A correspondent sometime since inquired who was the author of the noted couplet—

"Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

In the new edition of the work entitled "Familiar Quotations," it is stated that these lines were written by Jacob Bobart, of Oxford, England, in the Album of David Kreig, which is now preserved in the collection of albums in the British Museum. Bobart was the son of a celebrated botanist of the same name; he died about 1726. The first word is now generally written "count," instead of think.

AN EXPRESSIVE SIGN.—A hair-dresser on the Boulevards once chose for his sign, Absalom hanging by his hair on a tree, and Job piercing his body with a spear. Under the painting were these lines:—

Passans contemplez la malheur
D'Absalom pendu par la nuque;
Il aurait evite ce malheur,
S'il eut porte une perruque!

Which may be thus rendered:—

The wretched Absalom behold,
Suspended by his flowing hair;
He might have 'scaped this hapless fate
If he had chosen a wig to wear!

A FEROCIOUS KING.—An historical fact, connected with a white buck, may not be uninteresting, and it will prove the tyranny of ancient English monarchs. When Edward IV. was hunting in the park of Thos. Burdett, Esq., of Arrow, Warwickshire, he killed a store of deer, and among the rest a white buck. When Burdett heard of this, he wished the horns in his belly that counselled the King to kill it; for which words he was beheaded at Tyburn.

CONGRESSIONAL.

NAVAL APPROPRIATIONS.

LETTER POSTAGE.

THE FORTIFICATIONS BILL.

SENATE.

On the 7th, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, offered a resolution that, for the next fiscal year, the Executive shall instruct the heads of departments to confine their estimates within the limits of sixty-four millions.

Bills were passed granting pensions to the widows of Gen. Jones and Gen. Gaines. Considerable discussion followed a proposal of Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, to limit the pension to their period of widowhood, which was not agreed to.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, bitterly opposed the granting of these pensions.

Messrs. Houston, of Texas; Davis, of Mississippi, and others, paid warm tributes to the memory of Gen Gaines, and charged the Senate with a want of gallantry.

Mrs. Gaines occupied a seat in the ladies' gallery, [and was doubtless edified by the debate.]

The Naval Appropriation Bill was taken up and discussed.

The appropriation of $100,000 to the Pensacola Dry Dock was stricken out.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, from the Naval Committee, reported an amendment for the construction of ten new steam sloops of war, namely, five of twelve feet draft of water, four of fourteen feet, and one paddle wheel steamer of eight feet draft, at an aggregate cost of $1,200,000.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, moved to strike out the four of fourteen feet draft, leaving the others.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, supported the proposal and made some happily sarcastic remarks, asking where were the war spirits who excited us so much a few days ago? Where was the Senator from Georgia, (Mr. Toombs,) who wanted a war with England at any time these ten years past? Where the Senator from Illinois, (Mr. Douglas,) whose bill to clothe the President with extraordinary powers lies on the table? Where the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Hale,) who could not agree with the wise and moderate councils of the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs (Mr Mason?) These war spirits have left no margin for any gentlemen following in their wake, except to resolve that the President shall give orders for the capture of the whole British navy. His (Mr. Bell's) course is to prepare gradually and silently for a contest with that great and arrogant power, but never to use bravado.

Mr Brown, of Mississippi, also urged the present increase of the navy. Bold words, such as had been used, required to be followed by bold deeds. Now is the time to increase our ships, when the credit of the country is good. For in a war with England, we must borrow at ten or twenty per cent. He would have voted for twenty additional ships instead of ten, for although he did not seek war he would be prepared to maintain the honor of the country.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, replied in the same strain as used in his former speech—that the United States could whip the world.

Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, did not contemplate this as a war measure, but as a measure indispensably necessary for our interest as a great commercial nation. Referring to the tone of recent speeches, he said we cannot build a navy, like Aladdin's palace, in a night. You cannot raise ships by resolutions of Congress. To raise an army you have only to light up the fires from hilltop to hilltop; but the construction, equipment and training of a navy is a work of time. Looking at other countries, we find the deficiency of our navy compared with our commerce. Denmark, Sweden, and other small States, have navies equal or superior. Every stump orator in the country insists on our taking Cuba and wiping out Spain, yet Spain has a larger navy than ours. He (Mr. Hammond) felt these insults in the Gulf as if stricken in the face. He could not be content with a mere apology, and hoped that the force in the Gulf will either, with or without orders, capture or sink one of the offending vessels. But these additional sloops are not as a measure of war with Great Britain. He would meet that issue when it comes.

Mr Douglas, of Illinois, considered that they should first decide what we are going to do respecting these British outrages, before saying what we will do with the navy. Are the Senate willing to confer power on the Executive to avenge and repel outrages by reviving, as this bill on the table does, the north-eastern boundary act of 1839? If they are ready to meet the question of British aggression, do it on its own merits, without overlaying it with resolutions respecting the Central American republics. Every enemy on the face of the earth is defiled by the Committee's resolutions, except one, and she the first. Because Great Britain has committed great outrages against us, therefore we will turn around and whip Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, or punish the Chinese. We have been told that we will avenge these insults when we get ready, but when can we be ready to repel an insult except when it is given. These repeated outrages, by different ships and different officers, in various parts of the Gulf, are not accidental, but the result of orders from Great Britain? If we are to submit, say no more; but if we are not to submit to insult, then vote the bill conferring the power on the President. Mr. Douglas reviewed the circumstances of the boundary dispute, showing the unanimity with which Congress then acted, and which he now called on them to emulate.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, protested against having this measure regarded as a war measure. It was recommended by the Secretary of the Navy before these outrages were committed. Mr. Mallory reiterated the sentiments he expressed in a former speech respecting the aggressions.

Mr Kennedy, of Maryland, took the same course as Mr. Hammond, and also pointed out the defenceless condition of the Atlantic seaboard. He made a forcible speech, asking the Senate to pause before plunging into a war which would be a war of extermination of one or the other power. He concluded by moving twenty sloops instead of ten.

Mr. Seward, of New York, explained his course on the recent war debate. He was not one of those who were willing to indicate that any explanation could be given short of a total abandonment of the right of police on the seas, and he had so expressed it in his remarks. He had no idea that the British Government would sustain or sanction its exercise. If they do, then is the time to meet and redress them. The Senator from Illinois has made an attempt, by his bill to anticipate a reply from Great Britain, but the country and Congress is against that proposal, and it is laid on the table. He (Mr. Seward,) had wished with the contrary view to extend the session till the explanations can be had, or the country put in an aggressive attitude, if need be. These ten sloops cannot be taken as a war measure. They add but one hundred guns to the navy. He agreed with the Senator from Georgia, that the country was never in a better attitude for war than now, be it either of defence or aggression. We began the revolution without either army or navy, commenced the last war with a total revenue of sixteen millions, while to-day we can have eighty. We have all the elements of defence, and no longer have that weakness that invites insult. Our national character for honor and moderation, committing no injustice, and submitting to no wrong, is stronger than were Cæsar's legions on the plain of Pharsalia, or than a navy that would cover the German ocean.

Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, and others, made remarks, when Mr. Hale's amendment was lost—yeas 22, nays 31.

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, added an amendment to build ten gun-boats.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, would vote for a small annual increase of the navy. A good deal had been said now, as was said before former wars, about our weakness for a war with England, but England has given a guarantee of peace, inasmuch as she has a territory to the north of us containing three millions square miles, with only three millions of people, which, in six months, would be ours. He called on the country to use these sloops to prevent the slave trade. The resolutions aimed against the poor weak Central American States, were a dishonor to the American name.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said that the country will understand that the Senator from Massachusetts has one sense of honor, and the Committee of Foreign Relations another. The resolutions were intended to preserve the peace, and the honor of the country is interested in preserving it. The course taken by the Senator from Illinois jeopardizes the peace and with it the honor of the country.

Mr. Douglas made a long response, using strong war language. He said a war with England must decide not only the right of search on sea, but her right to tread the soil of the American continent.

Mr Davis, of Mississippi, replied to Mr. Douglas, saying that he (Mr. Davis) never belongs to the war party in time of peace, or to the peace party in time of war.

A long discussion ensued respecting the gunboats, after which Mr. Clingman's gunboat amendment was lost. Yeas 12, nays 34.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, offered an amendment, that in case of the flagrant commission of outrages by other powers on the commerce or the citizens of the United States, and for the speedy redress of such wrongs, the President be empowered to grant letters of marque and reprisals, to continue in force till the meeting of Congress.

Mr. Trumbull entered his protest against deputing to the President the war-making powers vested by the Constitution in Congress.

Mr. Green's motion was then lost—yeas 6, nays 40.

The yeas were Messrs. Brown, Douglas, Green, Johnson, of Tennessee, Pugh and Rice.

The original amendment for ten sloops was then voted on and lost. Yeas 20, nays 24.

Mr. Mallory again renewed as an amendment his proposition to construct five screw steam sloops and one paddle-wheel steamer, at a cost of $1,200,000, which was carried—yeas 18, nays 17.

Mr. Crittenden offered a resolution for the naming of the steamships of the navy of forty guns after the States; steamers of twenty guns after the rivers and cities, and under twenty as the President may direct. Agreed to, and the bill was then passed.

The Army Appropriation Bill was then taken up, when the Senate adjourned.

On the 8th, on motion of Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, a resolution was adopted extending the session of Congress to Monday next, the 14th instant. The vote stood—yeas 43, nays 16.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to repeal the Telegraphic Act of March, 1857.

The Army Bill was then taken up. The amendment to alter old muskets into breech-loading arms elicited some discussion.

Finally, $25,000 was voted for the purpose of making the alterations. $5,000 of which is to test Ward's Magazine Hammer for Mayard's Primers.

The appropriation to pay the Florida volunteers of 1857, $385,000, provoked debate, as did the Military Committee's amendment to devote $50,000 for the El Paso Bayou route. And also Mr. Douglas' (from the Committee on Territories) amendment to appropriate $100,000 for its extension to Albuquerque. All the amendments were passed.

Credentials were presented for the next Senatorial term of six years, by Senators Hunter, of Virginia, Clay, of Alabama, and Brown of Mississippi.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from the Peruvian Government respecting the guano of Peruvian islands. Laid on the table.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, from the Committee on Military Affairs, submitted an amendment asking to appropriate $1,280,000 for the continuation of fortifications at Penobscot, Portland, Lake Champlain, Fort Ridgeley, Staten Island, Delaware Bay, Baltimore, Richmond, San Francisco, Charleston, and at various points in Florida and in the Mississippi river. The amendment was carried.

Mr. Davis moved an amendment to authorize the Postmaster-General to sell arms to contractors for the overland mails. Lost.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, moved an amendment, repealing all the existing laws which authorize the Secretary of War to sell unused military reservations. Carried.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, made a strong but unavailing opposition to the appropriation of $385,000 for the service of the Florida volunteers during the past year.

Var ous other amendments were offered, and the bill finally passed—yeas 24, nays 12—the total sum appropriated being close on to $17,000,000.

On the 9th, Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, from the Judiciary Committee, to whom were referred the memorials of Amos Kendall and others against the American Newfoundland, and Atlantic Telegraph Companies, asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject. Also, to be discharged from the consideration of T. P. Shaffner's Transatlantic Telegraph project, recommend that the bill introduced by Mr. Bigler, yesterday, to withdraw the $70,000 contract from the Atlantic Telegraph Company, do not pass. [It is understood that the Government will not complete the contract, on account of the Atlantic Company having since given great and exclusive privileges to the British Government.]

A personal explanation followed, relative to the difficulty between Messrs. Davis and Benjamin.

Mr. Davis said anger is contagious, and he had thought the Senator from Louisiana exhibited angry feeling in his remarks. If his manner is unfortunate, and his friends tell him it is occasionally dogmatic and dictatorial, he attributed it partly to his military training, and he looked not otherwise than kindly on the Senator from Louisiana.

Mr. Benjamin said he felt the embarrassment of explanation, but he would appeal confidently to his brother Senators that, on no occasion, had he exhibited any but a courteous bearing towards them. He was utterly astonished when the Senator, yesterday, exhibited what, at the time, he did not feel was asperity toward him, although the explanation now made is less astonishing. He had a respect for, and, indeed, without flattery, an admiration of the Senator from Mississippi, and will be happy to forget all between them, except the pleasant passage of this morning.

The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up and passed.

Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Military Affairs, presented a report of the investigation into the charges against Senator Rice, of Minnesota, in the sale of the Fort Crawford reservation, to the effect that the Committee do not find anything substantiated by the evidence against Mr. Rice.

Mr. King, of New York, as a member of the Committee, had heard the testimony and condemned the management and conduct of the sale in December, and did not concur in the Report of the Military Committee.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, expressed similar sentiments as to the management of the sale.

The Report was adopted.

The Ocean Mail Steamship Appropriation Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., explained that it was designed to inaugurate the system of abolishing subsidies and recompensing the Ocean Mail Steamers by the amount of postage only on the letters they convey.

Mr Yulee submitted an amendment authorizing the Postmaster-General to cause the mails to be transported between any port of the United States and foreign port, paying therefor the amount of postage conveyed.—Agreed to.

The bill, as reported with the slight amendments made, was passed—yeas 23, nays 2.

The total amount voted by the bill is about a million and a half of dollars.

On the 10th, the Indian Deficiency Bill was passed.

The Post-Office Appropriation Bill was taken up.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved to increase the rates of postage to five cents for letters under 3,000 miles, and 6 cents for all distances over 3,000 miles.

Mr Seward, of New York, argued that the country is totally unprepared for any measure raising the rate of postage. He thought, therefore that this was not the proper time to discuss it. He would also vote against it, because it implies a discriminating postage on the ground of distance, which distinction has a tendency to alienate the section East from the West.

The motion was carried, yeas 19, nays 15, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Benjamin, Bright, Broderick, Brown, Clay, Clingman, Davis, Fitch, Gwin, Hunter, Johnson, of Arkansas, Johnson, of Tenn., Mallory, Pearce, Polk, Reid, Sebastian, Thompson of Ky., and Yulee.

Nays—Messrs. Bigler, Chandler, Clark, Doolittle, Douglas, Fessenden, Foster, Hamlin, King, Pugh, Rice, Seward, Stuart, Wilson and Wright.

Twenty-nine members were absent.

Mr Pugh moved that the franking privilege of members of Congress be abolished from March next. Agreed to. Yeas 36, nays 4.

Thereafter Mr. Foster, of Connecticut, proposed that the franking privileges of the President and heads of departments be likewise abolished, which was lost.

Mr. Seward then moved that all matter passing through the mails be prepaid excepting newspapers and periodicals to regular subscribers, and foreign matter. This had virtually the effect of abolishing all franking. Agreed to, yeas 23, nays 20, but it was lost on a reconsideration.

Whereupon Mr. Hamlin moved that all the laws conferring the franking privilege be repealed—Yeas 26, nays 20.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, moved that from the 4th of March next, that the printing of postage stamps, blanks, warrants, etc., be given to the lowest responsible bidder, which was adopted.

An amendment passed repealing the present arrangement of advertising the letter list in the newspaper of the largest circulation, and awarding the advertising to the lowest bidder.

Finally, the bill was passed—Yeas 30, nays 14.

The bill making an appropriation for the collection of the revenue was taken up.

Mr. Wilson spoke strongly in support of reducing the array of customs officers, showing that in many instances they were merely superfluous.

Mr. Hunter admitted that there are too many officers and was willing to apply the knife, but the Department could not go on now without the appropriation now sought.

The amendment to the bill, which reduce the expenses half a million, was agreed to.

The debate was enlivened by a scene of personality between Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Gwin, of California.

Mr. Wilson said that the Senator from California had talked of demagogueism. The State of California always had her hand in the treasury up to the elbow. If the Senator alludes to him, he would only say that he would rather be a demagogue than a thief.

Mr. Gwin said—Does the Senator apply that term specifically to me, or only to the collection of the revenue?

Mr. Wilson—I have no explanation to make.

Mr. Gwin—If he applies it to me, he is a slanderer, calumniator, and coward.

No reply was made to this.

The bill was then passed, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 11th, Committees of Conference were appointed on the four appropriation bills to which the House had disagreed.

The Indiana contested election case was taken up for consideration, and was argued from noon till a late hour by Messrs. Hamlin, Trumbull, Collamer, Wade, Hale and Douglas, who spoke at great length in opposition to the right of the sitting members, Messrs. Bright and Fitch. Messrs. Pugh, Green, Sebastian and Toombs supported the report of the Committee.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

On the 7th, on motion of J. Glancy Jones, of Penna., the House went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the sixty-four amendments made by the Senate to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill.

The item appropriating $750,000 for the Capitol extension gave rise to a debate, during which Mr. Taylor, of New York, ineffectually sought to amend it by a proviso that no part of the money be applied to the interior, for the painting or decoration of the Capitol building. He said that there are eminent American artists, without employing the lazzaroni of Italy. There had been no economy, taste, or propriety shown by the superintendent, Captain Meigs, and the decorations are a disgrace to the country and the age. He had no unkind feelings for Capt Meigs, but believed him to be a highly honorable man, and competent for all the business excepting the decorations of the Capitol.

Mr Branch, of North Carolina, thought it would be better to illustrate the halls by patriotic deeds than by paintings and statuary.

Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, said that the Hall of Representatives was a splendid failure. The members were shut out from the air of Heaven, and enclosed in a vault to transact the business of the nation. It was a circus, where five thousand persons could congregate to see their performances. The adornments were gingerbread and tinsel.

Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, proposed an amendment providing that no part of the money be expended on sculpture or paintings, unless recommended by distinguished artists, three in number, to be selected by the President, the designs to receive the approbation of the Joint Library Committee.

The Senate amendment, with Mr. Marshall's proviso, was then agreed to.

The House concurred in the amendment appropriating $11,496 to Maine, and $9,215 to Massachusetts, for the satisfactions of claims growing out of the Aroostook war, and for which provision was made in the Ashburton treaty.

On the 8th, a debate occurred on the Senate's amendment in regard to the arrangement with Messrs. Gales & Seaton, for printing the American State papers.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, understood Mr. Seaton that the work was to consist of fifty volumes and two thousand copies each, at a cost of $540,000. He was not certain that this amount included the paper. He was opposed to the proposition at this time.

Messrs. Pettit, of Ind., and Stephens, of Ga., showed the importance of the work in a national point of view.

Mr. Mason, of Ky., regarded this as a mere fat job. If it be necessary to make a douceur to meritorious editors, let Congress do it above-board, and cover it up in printed paper.

Mr. Smith, of New York, wanted the work to be given out to the lowest bidder. Let every one have a chance. This project was created by outside parties for their own advantage.

Mr. Reagan, of Texas, wished to know if this was not a private job, why it was not given out by contract?

The Senate amendment was modified, restricting the appropriation to $340,000, and adopted—yeas 75, nays 59.

Mr Smith, of Va., protested against this special legislation. Messrs. Gales & Seaton would put a handsome per centage in their pockets, but other parties would do the work.

The Committee then rose and voted on the various Senate amendments reported to the House.

The House rejected the appropriation of $350,000 for the continuation of the New Orleans, and $300,000 for the Charleston, South Carolina, custom houses.

Mr. Haskin, of New York, from the Willett's Point Investigating Committee, offered a resolution on behalf of the Committee, that in view of the fact that the several members were unable to agree upon a majority report, they be authorized to present to the House their respective statements on the subject.

This was agreed to and the statements, together with the testimony, were ordered to be printed.

The resolution attached to Mr Haskin's report says that the Secretary of War was not legally authorized to purchase the Point, and that he acted improperly, injudiciously, and in an imprudent manner, and that the price paid was exorbitant and unjust.

The resolutions attached to the statement of Messrs. Hopkins and Florence says, that the evidence does not in any degree warrant the slightest imputation upon the official or personal integrity of the Secretary of War, nor warrant the imputation that Augustus Schell was guilty of any official or moral delinquency.

Mr. Wood's statement concludes with a resolution that nothing had been elicited in the slightest degree to show that the Secretary of War or Mr. Schell had acted corruptly, but there are circumstances connected with the manner of the transaction which indicate much carelessness on the part of the government, and want of due forethought and consideration, which, if allowed to pass without reprobation, might be adduced as a dangerous precedent in the future management of affairs of this kind.

The report of Mr. Hall, of Mass., was not handed in.

Mr. Haskin wanted to postpone the consideration of the subject till noon on Thursday, but there was a general understanding that either side could call it up at pleasure. Adjourned.

On the 9th, the House passed the Senate bill repealing the fifth section of the act authorizing the registry or enrollment of vessels to be issued in the name of the President or Secretary of any incorporated company.

The House considered and passed the resolution from the Senate extending the session of Congress to Monday next.

The House agreed to the amendment of the Senate, appropriating $10,000 as compensation to the Commissioners to be sent to Paraguay, under the resolution adopted for the adjustment of the difficulties with that Republic, at a salary of $7,500 per annum.

The Senate's amendment appropriating $1,200,000 for five steam screw sloops of war, the greatest draft of water not to exceed 14 feet, and one side-wheel war steamer, with a draft not exceeding 8 feet, for service in the Chinese seas, having been read,

Mr. Bocock, of Va., moved to insert ten steamers, instead of five. He said that these vessels are needed in the Navy for the peace establishment, which, in view of our foreign relations, should be complete to prevent war, for weakness always invites aggression, while strength repels it. He recommended this as a measure of economy. There is a full complement of mechanics and laborers now at our Navy Yards, making repairs, many of which are not needed, and they could be put to work at once on these ships.

Mr. Bocock's amendment was agreed to—yeas 94, nays 43.

Mr. Hatch, of New York, proposed an amendment, providing for building four additional war steamers on the northwestern lakes, within the limitations of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain. He had heard war speeches, but did not know whether there would be war or not. While the citizens on the lakes have a marine, and are capable of taking care of their common defence, if their harbors and channels are not improved, they will ask that equal protection be given to these inland seas. If sloops of war with Dahlgreen guns, are needed on the Atlantic and in the Gulf, they are wanted on the northwestern lakes.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, was willing to put the lakes in a proper state of defence. He was not prepared to prophesy the result of the impending difficulties with Great Britain; but, in his judgment, there would now be no war, nor would he do anything to produce it. At the same time, even at the hazard of war, he would resist the right of search, a right Great Britain will never voluntarily relinquish, and out of which war must ultimately grow. Great Britain would then rush on her own destiny, and sink into a third-rate power. While she can bear a rival, she never can bear a master. We are now becoming the master of Great Britain in intelligence, natural resources and commerce, and in all that constitutes power she must sink into insignificance. He would put the country in a state of defence. Negotiations are pending which must only result in a postponement of hostilities.

Mr. Hatch's amendment was agreed to.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, said that it was a most preposterous idea that in order to keep peace we must go armed; a person armed was more likely to get into a quarrel than one unarmed. It was unchristian and uncivilized to go armed, and utterly useless. The proposition for gunboats was a perfect fizzle. They are not adequate means of defence, but their building would only take money out of the Treasury.

Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, objected to the amendment on the ground that if there was a prospect of war, these were not ships enough, and could not be finished in time. Nothing would grow out of the proposition but food for stock-jobbers and demagogues. He did not believe that any war will hereafter take place with Great Britain. The whole effect of adjourning our difficulties has been that they have been uniformly settled in our favor. The greatest allies are time and Providence. There is commerce and work and verge enough for both nations. There is no rivalry, but only generous emulation. We can wait till next year for building these vessels, when there will be more money in the Treasury.

Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, proposed to add ten screw iron boats, with full steam power, the greatest draft to be ten feet, armed and provided for service in the waters adjacent to this continent. This was a peace measure, and yet, in time of peace, the insolence of an arrogant power sends her hounds after our commerce, and demands the right of visitation and search. Our vessels are pursued by those foul monsters of the deep, and our rights trampled under foot, and yet gentlemen sneer, or affect to treat the Senate's amendment with contempt.

Mr. Grow was opposed to the amendment, and all efforts to create a war, in the absence of official information through the proper channels. When the flag of the country is insulted and the rights of citizens violated by any nation on the face of the earth, which refuses reparation, then it will be time for Congress to take action, and not leave it discretionary with any man to provoke a war by appealing to the public passions and violence. Whatever may occur in the Gulf, he did not believe that Great Britain would assume a position other than that heretofore avowed through Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Everett in 1841, who said that if, in spite of the utmost caution, error should be committed, it will be followed by prompt reparation; and that the British cruisers have no right to interfere with American vessels, whatever their destination, even if engaged in the slave trade. Therefore, reparation will be made by the British Government.

Mr. Cochrane's amendment was agreed to.

Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, offered an amendment for ten steam frigates, but no money to be appropriated therefor until the President gives notice for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Mr. Clark, of New York, wished to know whether there was any provision in the treaty for its abrogation.

Mr. Savage replied—Yes; that is the only wise provision in it.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, opposed the amendment, though he had as much repugnance to the treaty as Mr. Savage, considering it as a check on American progress, and an improper intermingling with foreign affairs.

Mr. Savage's amendment was rejected.

Mr. Letcher offered an amendment, which was agreed to, yeas 71, nays 54, authorizing the President to borrow $1,900,000, the interest not to exceed six per cent. per annum, payable half yearly, said sum to be expended in the construction of these vessels.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, submitted an amendment providing for ten war steamers, to be employed on the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, and Arkansas Rivers, as snag boats. [Laughter.] He believed that the whole object in maintaining the Navy was the protection and preservation of commerce, and pointed to the extensive commerce of the western waters, which deserves the attention of the Government.

The amendment was rejected.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, said that we need these ships, not for war, but for peace, and the preservation of commerce. He was astonished to see gentlemen on the Republican side willing to consider this as a war measure.—With the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Lovejoy) everything with negro in it was, during all this session, a cause of war. He was not so much surprised at the remarks of the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Grow), who would wait till an army is landed on our shores, and the President has transmitted a message to Congress, before any preparation is made for war; but he confessed some degree of surprise when he saw his friend from Virginia (Mr. Garnett) on the other side of the House, rising in his place, and, as if in concert with Messrs. Lovejoy and Grow, denounce the measure of the construction of ten sloops of war, as the food for speculators and demagogues. With him (Mr. Clay) there was no demagogueism nor scheme of speculation.

Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, explained his vote for fifteen vessels. It was not because he had the remotest idea of war, but because of his interest in peace, and a desire to increase the Navy.

Mr. Garnett replied to Mr. Clay. He could not be responsible for the latter's surprise, nor could he (Mr. Clay) be more surprised at anything he (Mr. Garnett) had said, than he was at his (Mr. Clay's) recent proposition to confer the war making power on the President, coming, as it did, from the gentleman from Kentucky, with such illustrious recollections attaching to his name. What he did say was that this war agitation was food for demagogues and stock-jobbers, and could serve no other classes any good purpose.

Mr. Millson, of Virginia, offered a substitute for all the above mentioned increase of the Navy amendments, which was adopted—yeas 84, nays 68, being the same as the Senate amendment, with the exception that ten instead of five steam screw war sloops and one side-wheel steamer for the China seas are provided for, and $1,200,000 are appropriated for the purpose.

The Committee rose, and the House concurred in the above by one majority.

The House then went into Committee on the Senate's amendments to the Army Bill, forty-nine in number.

Mr. Clay further replied to Mr. Garnett, saying that we went to war with Great Britain in 1812 for less cause than the recent visitation of forty-one of our vessels, and the American flag draggled in the Gulf.

The House disagreed to the Senate's amendment appropriating $1,285,000 for fortifications.

The Committee rose without acting on all the amendments. Adjourned.

On the 10th, on motion of Mr. Woodson, of Mississippi, a joint resolution was adopted, authorizing the Postmaster General to make arrangements for carrying the mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Placerville, California, in thirty instead of thirty-eight days.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the Senate's amendments to the Army Bill.

The House concurred generally in the action of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union relative to the Army, striking out the appropriation of $1,252,000 for fortifications, and agreed to the amendment to repeal all laws authorizing the sale of forts or reservations which have or may become useless for military purposes.

On motion of Mr. Chapman, of Pennsylvania, on behalf of the Judiciary Committee, the further consideration of the case of Judge Watrous, of Texas, was postponed till the second Thursday of December. The principal reason assigned is that there was not time to act during the present session.

The supplemental Indian Appropriation Bill was received from the Senate, with amendments.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, explained that one of these amendments appropriated $72,000 to fulfil our stipulations with the Sioux Indians in 1856, who allege that the United States have broken their faith, and on finding the troops withdrawn, threaten to deluge the frontier with blood.

The amendment was adopted and thirty other amendments were acted on.

The Mail Ocean Steamer Bill was taken up.

The Senate amendment striking out $120,000 for contingencies in the mail service between New York and Europe was agreed to. All the other Senate amendments were rejected.

A Message from the President was presented, announcing the events in Utah. [Its reception came quite unexpectedly, and the reading was several times interrupted by laughter. When the clerk had finished, various expressions were heard in different parts of the House—"So the Mormon war is ended"—"Millions saved to the Treasury"—"I am glad of it," etc.] See Message in General News.

The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means wanted to go into Committee of the Whole, but the House, apparently, had glory enough for one day, and joyfully adjourned.

On the 11th, Mr. Harris, of Illinois, moved to take up the Maryland contested election case of Mr. White, contestant, against Mr. Harris, (Maryland) sitting member.

The motion was negatived—yeas 87, nays 97.

After debate, the consideration of the subject was postponed till the second Monday in December by fifteen majority.

The House then considered the Senate's amendments to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill.

"PURE COUNTRY MILK" IN BOSTON.—The New England Farmer, (May 22,) speaking of the adulterated milk sold in Boston, says the value of the milk annually brought to the city, as it comes from the country, is about one million of dollars, and that, as it is sold out to the consumers, it has swollen to the sum of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars being the charge of carrying the Cochituate water through the streets and peddling it at six cents per quart!

UTAH PROCLAMATION OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

The Peace Commissioners to Utah, carry out with them a proclamation, dated at Washington on the 6th of April. After reciting the unlawful acts alleged against the Mormon community, such as driving out the United States authorities, and opposing the authority generally of the United States Government, the President says:—

Fellow-citizens of Utah, this is rebellion against the government to which you owe allegiance. It is levying war against the United States, and involves you in the guilt of treason. Persistence in it will bring you to condign punishment, to ruin and to shame; for it is mere madness to suppose that, with your limited resources, you can successfully resist the force of this great and powerful nation.

If you have calculated upon the forbearance of the United States—if you have permitted yourselves to suppose that this government will fail to put forth its strength and bring you to submission—you have fallen into a grave mistake. You have settled upon territory which lies geographically in the heart of the Union. The land you live upon was purchased by the United States and paid for out of their treasury. The proprietary right and title to it is in them, and not in you. Utah is bounded on every side by States and Territories whose people are true to the Union. It is absurd to believe that they will or can permit you to erect in their very midst a government of your own, not only independent of the authority which they all acknowledge, but hostile to them and their interests.

Do not deceive yourselves nor try to mislead others by propagating the idea that this is a crusade against your religion. The constitution and laws of this country can take no notice of your creed, whether it be true or false. That is a question between your God and yourselves, in which I disclaim all right to interfere. If you obey the laws, keep the peace and respect the just rights of others, you will be perfectly secure, and may live on in your present faith or change it for another at your pleasure. Every intelligent man among you knows very well that this government has never, directly, or indirectly, sought to molest you in your worship, to control you in your ecclesiastical affairs, or even to influence you in your religious opinions.

This rebellion is not merely a violation of your legal duty; it is without just cause, without reason, without excuse. You never made a complaint that was not listened to with patience. You never exhibited a real grievance that was not redressed as promptly as it could be. The laws and regulations enacted for your government by Congress have been equal and just, and their enforcement was manifestly necessary for your own welfare and happiness. You have never asked their repeal. They are similar in every material respect to the laws which have been passed for the other Territories of the Union, and which everywhere else (with one partial exception) have been cheerfully obeyed. No people ever lived who were freer from unnecessary legal restraints than you. Human wisdom never devised a political system which bestowed more blessings or imposed lighter burdens than the government of the United States in its operation upon the Territories.

But being anxious to save the effusion of blood, and to avoid the indiscriminate punishment of a whole people for crimes which it is not probable that all are equally guilty, I offer now a full and free pardon to all who will submit themselves to the authority of the federal government. If you refuse to accept it, let the consequences fall upon your own heads. But I conjure you to pause deliberately and reflect well before you reject this tender of peace and good will.

Now, therefore, I, James Buchanan, President of the United States, have thought proper to issue this, my proclamation, enjoining upon all public officers in the Territory of Utah, to be diligent and faithful, to the full extent of their power, in the execution of the laws; commanding all citizens of the United States in said Territory to aid and assist the officers in the performance of their duties; offering to the inhabitants of Utah, who shall submit to the laws, a free pardon for the seditions and treasons heretofore by them committed; warning those who shall persist, after notice of this proclamation, in the present rebellion against the United States, that they must expect no further lenity, but look to be rigorously dealt with according to their deserts; and declaring that the military forces now in Utah, and hereafter to be sent there, will not be withdrawn until the inhabitants of that Territory shall manifest a proper sense of the duty which they owe to this government.

THE BRITISH CRUISERS.—THE USAGE OF THE SEAS.—Commander Rogers, of the Water Witch, recently despatched to the Gulf, writes to the Naval Department as follows:

U. S. STEAMER WATER WITCH,
Key West, June 3, 1858.

SIR:—I arrived here safely to-day for coal. All well on board. I leave to-morrow for Havana, where I shall find H. B. M. steamer Devastation, which has brought instructions from Admiral Seymour to the cruisers upon the coast of Cuba. H. B. M. steam gunboat Jasper, commanded by Lieut. Wm. H. Pym, came into this harbor this morning, in search of the Styx, to deliver despatches from the Admiral. Lieut. P. stated to me that his instructions were printed, and were dated, he believed, 1849; that they were, at all events, the instructions he had acted upon on the coast of Africa nine years ago. He said he believed, or rather was sure, no new instructions had been received from the British Government for the guidance of the vessels on the coast of Cuba. He said that the Creole was a shaver, and that soon after her capture, colors and papers both disappeared, the captain declaring that he was not entitled to American papers or colors.

He said that in another case where he had sent his quartermaster with a spyglass to ask permission to ascend the mast of the outermost vessel in the harbor of Matanzas, in order to see whether the Styx was in sight, the captain said laughingly afterwards that he had hoaxed a newspaper writer into the belief that he had been boarded by British filibusters.—He asserted that he was sure upon examination he would be found to have done no wrong to the American flag. He admitted that in certain cases he had fired near vessels to make them show their colors, and asked me if he had been guilty of any wrong in so doing. To this I said that I had no official opinion, but that I thought not.

However the law may be in this case, it is held, as far as I know, the usage of the sea service (itself a law) for men-of-war to show their flags to one another; and it is the general opinion of naval men that merchant vessels, upon neglect or refusal to do so, may be compelled to it without trenching upon their rights. Lieut. Pym seemed surprised at the light in which the acts of the British cruisers are regarded by the Government of the United States.

I have the honor to be your ob't serv't,
JOHN ROGERS, Commander U. S. N.
Hon. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy.

FREE NEGROES IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Court of Error and Appeals in Mississippi, has decided that a bequest made by a citizen of that State to an emancipated negro who had left the State and become a resident of a free State, is valid, although if the negro had been sent to the free State only for the purpose of emancipation, and with the view of returning to Mississippi, the bequest would be void. The Court held that negroes, although not citizens, were not outlaws, that they were entitled to protection, and to such rights as might be conferred upon them in the States where they live, and that do not conflict with the laws of those in which they may claim them.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON UTAH AFFAIRS.

He Considers the Difficulties Terminated—No Occasion for the Volunteers—Governor Cumming's Communication to Secretary Cass.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—A message was received by Congress to-day, from the President, inclosing a copy of the dispatch from Gov. Cumming dated May 2nd, received at the State Department yesterday.

From the tenor of this dispatch, the President says he has reason to believe that our difficulties with Utah have terminated, and the laws been restored.

He congratulates Congress on this auspicious event, and he expresses the opinion that there is no occasion to make an appropriation for the three regiments of volunteers recently authorized for the purpose of quelling the disturbances in Utah, and for the protection of emigrant trains and supplies. Texas can be defended by the regular troops now within her limits.

The President is more gratified because the route in Utah will afford some relief to the Treasury and not require a loan and an additional taxation on the people.

In the letter to Secretary Cass, Gov. Cumming says he left the camp on the 5th of April, *en route* to Salt Lake City, accompanied by Col. Kane as his guide, and two servants. In passing through the settlements he was greeted with such respectful attentions as were due to the representative of the Executive authority of the United States. In a Territory near the Warm Springs, at a line dividing the Great Salt Lake from Davis' County, he was honored with a formal and respectful reception by many gentlemen, including the Mayor, municipal officers of the city, and by them escorted to the lodgings previously prepared, the Mayor occupying a seat at his side in the carriage.

Ex-Governor Young paid him a visit of ceremony as soon as he was sufficiently relieved from the fatigue of his journey to receive company. In a subsequent interview, ex-Governor Young evinced a willingness to afford him every facility he might require for the efficient performance of his administrative duties. Brigham Young's course in this respect, Governor Cumming presumed, met with the entire approval of a majority of the Salt Lake community.

The territorial seal with other public property was tendered to Governor Cumming by W. H. Hooper, the late acting Secretary of the Territory. The records and library remain unimpaired. Gov. Cumming entered upon the performance of the official duty. With feelings of profound regret, he learned that the agent, Mr. Hurt was charged with having incited to acts of hostility the Indians in the Vinta valley. The information came from Mr. Hooper. He hoped that Mr. Hurt would vindicate himself from the charges, yet they demand an investigation.

Governor Cumming has informed Gen. Johnston that he should probably be compelled to make a requisition for a sufficient force to chastise the Indians.

At every point he was recognized as the Governor of Utah, and received with a military salute, the houses being illuminated in his honor.

Having heard numerous complaints, Gov. Cumming caused public notice to be posted signifying his readiness to relieve those who deemed themselves aggrieved by being illegally restrained of their liberty, and assuring the protection of all persons. He kept his office open at all hours, night and day, and registered fifty-six men, thirty-three women, and seventy-one children as desirous of his protection, and expressing their disposition of proceeding to the United States. A large majority of these people were of English birth, and were promised assistance to be removed.

Gov. Cumming says that his visit to the Tabernacle will never be forgotten. There were between three and four thousand persons assembled for the purpose of public worship—There was the most profound silence when he appeared. Brigham Young introduced him as the Governor of Utah, and Gov. Cumming addressed them for half-an-hour, telling them that it was his purpose to uphold the Constitution, and that he would expect their obedience to all lawful authority, assuring them of his determination to administer equal and exact justice, &c. He was listened to respectfully. He invited responses, and several spoke, referring in excited tones to the murder of Joseph Smith, to the services rendered by the Mormon battalion in the Mexican war, and recapitulated a long chapter of their wrongs. The tumult fearfully increased, but an appeal from Brigham Young restored calmness. Several afterwards expressed regret at their behaviour.

Gov. Cumming proceeds to describe the exodus of the Mormons. The people, including the inhabitants of Salt Lake, in the northern part of the Territory, are leaving, the roads are everywhere filled with wagons, loaded with provisions and household furniture, the women and children following after without shoes or hats, driving their flocks they know not where.

They seemed not only contented, but cheerful. It is the will of the Lord, they say, and they rejoice to change the comforts of home for the trials of the wilderness. Their ultimate destination was not fixed upon. Going south seems to be sufficient to designate the place, but from the private remarks of Young in the Tabernacle, Gov. Cumming thinks that they are going to Sonora.

Brigham Young, Kimball, and most of the influential men had left their commodious mansions, to swell the ranks of the emigrants. The masses everywhere announced to Gov. Cumming that the torch will be applied to every house indiscriminately throughout the country, as soon as the troops attempt to cross the mountains. The people, though scattered, every means would be taken to rally them.—Some of the Mormons are yet in arms, and the Governor speaks of the mischief they are capable of rendering as guerillas. The way for the emigrants to the Pacific is open.

Gov. Cumming says that he would leave for the South on the 3rd of May. He says that he will restrain all the proceedings of the military for the present, and until he shall receive additional instructions from the President.

IMPORTANT FROM KEY WEST.—DISAVOWAL OF THE BRITISH ADMIRAL.—WASHINGTON, June 9.—Intelligence was received this morning, from Commander Rogers, of the Water Witch, at Key West, stating that he met the British sloop Jasper there, which had been specially detailed in search of the Styx, and other offending cruisers, by the Commodore of the West India Squadron, who had received information of the acts of visit, and immediately, upon his own responsibility, ordered this vessel to follow them. The captain of the Jasper informed Commander Rogers that no recent instructions had been issued, and they were now acting under those which were given in 1847. This news is direct and authentic, and would seem to relieve some of the points of embarrassment which have heretofore interposed to a successful negotiation. If the proceedings be thus promptly disclaimed by the responsible officer on the station, and no orders have been issued, as is alleged, then it is easy to see that Lord Malmesbury will have no difficulty whatever in making a full and positive disavowal.

AIR *versus* STEAM.—The application of air as a motive power for propelling vessels has, it is stated, been successfully introduced by Mr. Carter, a scientific gentleman residing at Mottingham, Kent. A small vessel, fitted up under the direction of the inventor, has been visited by numerous naval and scientific gentlemen. The propelling power is obtained by the introduction of air under the keel of the vessel and its action upon the water.

PROGRESS AT THE NORTHWEST.—A gentleman, just returned from the West, informs us that a steamboat has lately been placed on the Upper Mississippi River, to accommodate the wants of the settlers, and is running daily between Sauk Rapids and Pokegema Falls, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, stopping at Sandy Lake, two days' journey from the top of Superior, at the head of Lake Superior. A small steam propeller, the Seneca, conveys travellers from Superior to Fond du Lac on the St. Louis River, a distance of twenty-two miles. From thence that river is ascended in canoes to a point where a portage of four or five miles intervenes, after which the voyager descends a tributary stream flowing into Sandy Lake.

By this route a steady communication may be maintained between the Mississippi and the Lakes, whose waters it is proposed to connect by means of a canal. Hitherto the navigation of the Mississippi has been popularly considered as extending only to the Falls of St. Anthony. By placing steamers on the river above that point, the navigation, however, is continued to Sandy Lake. Doubtless a canal will some day be built around the Falls, and then the two sections of the river will be ploughed by the same vessels. Pittsburg being the great eastern depot of the river navigation of the West, every fresh development of that magnificent system must be of especial interest to us here in Philadelphia. And whether it be practicable or not, to construct a canal from Fond du Lac to Sandy Lake, our chief concern must be for the new feature of trade above the Falls of St Anthony on the Mississippi.—*Phila North American.*

THE AFFRAY BETWEEN LANE AND JENKINS.—Despatches from Leavenworth, of the 8th, via Boonville the 9th, report that General Lane, who was injured in the affray with Mr. Jenkins at Lawrence, was confined to his bed from lockjaw, and it was feared that an amputation of one of his legs would be necessary.

The funeral of Jenkins who was killed in the conflict, was attended by over one thousand persons. There was at first talk of lynching Lane, but finally the law was allowed to take its course.

☞ If a young lady is unable to sport a riding habit, she should adopt a walking habit.—*Punch.*

☞ What would become of our sociality if we never visited people we speak ill of: we should live, like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude.

☞ How much pain those evils cost us that never happen!

☞ A man who has a fixed purpose to which he devotes his powers, is invulnerable. Like the rock in the sea, it splits the troubles of life, and they eddy round him in idle foam.

☞ A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

☞ A certain punster challenged a sick man's vote at a recent election, on the ground that he was an *ill* legal voter.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depression which has been the prevailing feature of the flour market for a month past still continues. The sales for shipment comprise only 3000 bbls at $4,25 ₱ bbl for superfine, at which figure it is freely offered, and $4,50 for good Western extra, including a small lot of Brandywine at $5,12½, and some extra family at $4,62½@5. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been mostly within the range of these quotations for common and extra family brands, and $5,25@5,75 for fancy lots. Rye Flour has been less inquired after, and prices are a shade lower. Sales of 200 bbls at $3,31, lining off. Corn Meal has been in good request, and 1500 bbls Penna sold at $3,37½ ₱ bbl. At the close the market was nearly bare.

GRAIN—The recent material decline in the price of Wheat has caused a little more inquiry. The sales comprise about 30,000 bush in lots, ranging from 75c to $1 for inferior and prime red, and 86c@$1,15 for white, including 15,000 bush Kentucky at our highest quotation. Rye has been in fair request, and 3000 bush sold at 66c. Corn was in active request early in the week, but at the close fell off. Prices have declined 1c ₱ bushel. The sales foot up nearly 80,000 bush at 72c for prime Southern, afloat; 70@71c for Penna; 69@70c for lots in store and from the cars, and 62 up to 71c for inferior and fair quality, including 3000 bush white at 70@71½c. Oats have been in fair request, with further sales of 10,000 bush at 39@40c for Penna, and 37@38c for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very inactive, but prices rule about the same as last week, with a limited business to note in bbl Meats at $17@18 for Mess Pork; $14½@15 for Prime, and $15@17 ₱ bbl for Mess Beef, most holders asking the latter rates. Bacon also meets with a limited demand at 10½@12c for plain and fancy Hams; 9@9½c for Sides, and 7@7½c for Shoulders, as in quality. Green Meats sell slowly at 8½@9½c for Hams; 8c for Sides, and 6@6½c for Shoulders, cash and short time. Lard continues scarce, with further small sales at 11½@11¾c for bbls and tes; kegs are held at 13c. Butter is dull; the receipts are moderate, but sold packed meets with slow sale at 10@11c ₱ lb. Cheese is unchanged. Eggs are selling moderately at 10c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—There is very little alteration in prices, but the late advices from abroad have had a tendency to depress the market, and buyers come forward slowly at former quotations; holders generally are firm in their views, and some lots are not offered at present prices; sales include about 750 bales at 11½@13c, cash, and 12½@13½c, 4 mos, the latter for middling fair Uplands.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark are light and prices firm. Small sales of No 1 at $34 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is dull. Spanish Oak sells slowly at $14@14½, and Chestnut at $11@11½ ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—But little here. Sales of 2000 lbs of Yellow at 32c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—The receipts and stocks are still very light, and the demand is rather better, but scarcity of vessels has had a tendency to limit the operations of the past week very materially; prices, however, are unchanged.

COPPER—Is steady, with further sales of Yellow Metal only to notice at 22c 6 mos.

HEMP—There is but little offering, and no transactions have been reported.

HIDES—The stock has been increased by the arrival of another invoice of 4900 Laguayra, part of which were sold on private terms. A sale of 25 bales Calcutta Cow at $1,70 for Slaughter; $1,35 for dead green, and $1,10 for dry.

HOPS—Continue to rule unprecedentedly low, and meet a very limited inquiry within the range of 6@9c ₱ lb, for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—In the Iron market we have no new feature to present, and no improvement to note, either in the demand. Sales of 1000 tons Pig Metal at $21, $20, and $19, cash for the three numbers; 300 tons No 1, deliverable in another market, sold at $22, cash. Charcoal Blooms range from $65 to 68, 6 mos. Prices of Scotch Pig are entirely nominal. Bar and Boiler Iron sell slowly at previous rates.

LEAD—Is held very firmly. A sale of 500 pigs Galena at 6½c ₱ lb, cash.

LEATHER—The demand continues good for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and of the latter the market is nearly bare.

LUMBER—Of most descriptions continues dull; 50,000 feet Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $12@15 ₱ M. Laths and Pickets sell slowly at previous quotations.

SEEDS—There is rather more Clover seed coming forward. Sales of 200 bushels fair quality at $4,25@4,50 ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy is worth $3, and Flaxseed $1,50@1,55 ₱ bushel, but the market is nearly bare of the latter.

TALLOW—Is unchanged. Sales of Country and City Rendered at 10@10½c ₱ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—There is very little inquiry for either Leaf or Manufactured, and no change to notice in prices.

WOOL—Some lots of the new "slip" have commenced coming forward, but the opening rates have not yet been fixed. Sales have been limited within the range of previous quoted rates. Sales of 25,000 lbs, ranging from 30 up to 44c for unwashed and full blood, 4 and 8 mos.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 89 West 8th St., Cincinnati, O
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

LATER FROM NEW ORLEANS.—*Arrest of the Vigilants—Suits for Damages to the Court Buildings.*—NEW ORLEANS, June 9.—The city has resumed a general appearance of quietness—the only movements calling for special remark, being a continued arrest of members of the late Vigilance Committee, on warrants issued by the authorities. Since the last despatch there have been over a dozen arrested, and more are expected before the close of the day.

Major J. K. Duncan, one of the getters-up of the Independent movement, and an energetic supporter of the Vigilants, has been sued, and the cotton bales used for street barricades, have been attached for damages done to the Court Buildings, while occupied by the Vigilants.

The Recorder (Soloman), however, has been refused authority to act in the case, on the ground that he is feelings are in support of the Vigilants.

From the New York News.

NOTHING SINCE THE FOUNDATION OF the city of New York has produced the excitement among all classes that Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative has done. All classes, from the gray and bald-headed sire, and the silver-haired matron, down to the sprightly youth and beautiful maiden with her glossy ringlets, are crowding the Depot at No. 312 Broadway; the former to be permanently restored, and the latter to possess themselves of that which will prevent the inroad of envious time, and cause the appearance of youth and beauty to linger to the greatest age. Besides all the popular Druggists in the country are constantly engaged in dealing out the Restorative to their customers, "and the cry is still they come."

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless inventions, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE,

And feeling the hand of Time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of Hoofland's German Bitters an Elixir that will instil new life into their veins; restore, in a measure, the energy and ardor of more youthful days; build up their shrunken forms, and give health and energy to their remaining years.

Ask for *Hoofland's German Bitters*, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia. They are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

WILL TRUTH COMMAND ATTENTION?

To restore health we must purify the blood. Fevers, without exception, arise from foreign matters having been absorbed and retained in the circulation. These causes of sickness may produce an influenza, a croup, a rheumatism, a gout, cholic, or a cough. But Brandreth's Pills, simple, potent, and vegetable, remove the cause, and the cure follows, of course. They are the means of every day saving many valuable lives. Principal Office 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building, New York. Sold also by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia, and Agents and Druggists generally.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—The cures effected by this remedy are truly astonishing. The confirmed Dyspeptic regain his pristine vigor, the Asthmatic "breathes freer," Indigestion disappears. These *Bitters* produce these wonders. Let all who suffer try them.

THIS MAY certify that I have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER in numerous cases, and believe it to be a very valuable medicine. I have prescribed it extensively in bowel complaints, (particularly for children,) and it is in my opinion superior to any preparation I have ever used for the relief of those diseases.

A. HUNTING, M. D.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY,

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	@3a34
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 a10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	10
Leg, each	31@37½	Chop	12½
Skin	20 a25	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Sweetbread each	12
Liver ₱ lb	5 a 9	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	@1 75
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	10 a 12
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ₱ set	12½ a 25
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Tripe ₱ lb	4 a 6
Chop ₱ lb	10 a12	Lard do	10 a 12
Calves Head each	25 a37	Hams, sliced	15 a 16
		Bologna sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce ₱ head	2a3	Cabbage ₱ head	10 a 15
Rhubarb ₱ bunch	3a5	Carrots doz	10
Onion tops ₱ bunch	1	S't Pot's ₱ bus	@1 80a1 75
Radishes ₱ hundred bunches	1,50a2 00	do do ₱ lb	6a 8
Asparagus ₱ bunch	10a12	Corn Pot's bus	80 a 90
Bermuda pots ₱ bus	1,25	Onions bus	90

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bbl	@1a 1 50	Cranberries qt	14 a 16
do ₱ kpk	25a 31	Strawberries	18a 25

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₱ pair	40 a 62	Chickens ₱ lb	10 a 12½
Chickens ₱ pair	75 a1 00	Sab Pig'n pair	25 a 37
		Frogs doz	25 a 50

SHELLFISH.

Ter'pin (South) doz	@4 00 a6 00	Oysters, Absecom ₱ bbl	@3 a 75
do (Ches & Del)	6 00 a8 00	do ₱ M	@16 00 a20 00
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	N Bay Cove	12 00 a12 50
Clams M	2 00 a2 50	N Y do ₱ bbl	10 00 a15 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	23 a 31	Mackerel	10
Roll do	14 a 25	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Eggs doz	11 a 13	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	6
Cod	5 a 6	Roe ₱ lb	20 a 25
Fresh Shad	10 a 31	Nonpareil cake	2 a
Salt Shad lb	11	Hasbut	6 a 8

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, June 12, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
New banks	1½ to 5 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Relief Notes	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Tioga & Shamokin	no sale	ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	1 to 5 dis
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All banks	uncertain
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solvent banks	1 dis
Baltimore	¼ dis	OHIO.	
Solvent banks	¼ to ½ dis	Solvent banks	¼ dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	State bank	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Old banks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	2½ dis		

FITS, FITS, FITS.

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE A CERTAIN REMEDY.

This disease, Epilepsy, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, and the more numerous the attacks have been, the greater is the liability of their return and the greater will be the difficulty in arresting them. There is not only a greater liability to their return in proportion to the number of attacks, but the convulsions become more severe, and are repeated at shorter intervals. So that what at first was perhaps a mere faintness, with or without slight muscular twitchings, and occurring at long intervals, in time become violent convulsions of almost daily occurrence. The person thus afflicted gradually sinks into a state of imbecility, a burden to himself and to his friends, until at length his sufferings are ended by the hand of Death.

It is evident that if relief is obtained at all after the disease becomes habitual, it must be by some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and not only to suppress the attacks, but also, if possible, to remove the morbid tendency to relapse.

Jayne's Alterative has been found to answer this purpose admirably, gradually removing the morbid tendency, and the causes which produce the disease, and, when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, producing permanent cures.

THE PROOF.

WEST SALEM, Edwards Co., Ill., Sept. '56.

Dr. D Jayne: Sir—It gives me pleasure to inform you that your ALTERATIVE has effected a cure of FITS. My son, when he was about three years of age, was troubled with FITS; but supposing they proceeded from worms, I gave him Worm Medicine, but to no purpose. I then concluded there was no remedy unless he would outgrow them, but still had more frequent and severe attacks until he was four and a half years old. Then I gave him your ALTERATIVE according to directions. He had no more Fits after taking it for some time, and I believe it has perfectly cured him. ALFRED MCKINNEY.

ANOTHER CURE.

BUSHMORE, Bradford Co., Pa., Nov. '56.

Dr D Jayne: Dear Sir About five years since, my child was taken with EPILEPTIC FITS, which continued for two years, and was finally cured by the use of twenty-six bottles of your ALTERATIVE, and some SANATIVE PILLS. She has not had a fit for three years. Yours, truly,
CEPHAS CLARKE.

We are well acquainted with Mr. Clarke, and have full confidence in the above statement.
MERRY, WILHELM & CO.

ANOTHER AND MORE REMARKABLE CASE.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia: Gentlemen—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the fits commenced, my right side became gradually paralyzed. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single fit; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for EPILEPTIC FITS, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it. Yours, truly,
JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

THOS. WOODS, WM. KITCHEN,
G. B. BROWN, G. W. FORREST,
GEO. S SANDERS, JAS M. JONES,
J. R. MOORE.

AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

BURRITT'S RAPIDS, C. W., Aug. 3, '57.

I hereby certify that I have used Dr. D. Jayne's ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS in my family in case of EPILEPTIC FITS with marked success. R. BRECKENRIDGE.

ANOTHER CURE.

LANESVILLE, Harrison Co., Ind., Feb. '58.

Dr. D. Jayne: Sir—Your ALTERATIVE has cured me of EPILEPTIC FITS. I had five very severe attacks within two years, and when every remedy and every kind of treatment had completely failed to cure me, I then decided to use your medicine. I have taken eighteen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and one dozen of the SANATIVE PILLS, and for one year I have been entirely free from any attacks, and I am now able to attend to my business. Yours, truly,
SAMUEL WOLF.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. je12-4t

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTINGS,
BY COOK,
At the Root Gallery, corner of Chestnut and Fifth.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Mr. CHARLES W. NEWTON, to Miss EMMA LANE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Robt. Armstrong, Mr. THOMAS MCMULLIN, to Miss MARY A. KNOX, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN O. BELL, of Easton, Pa. to Miss REBECCA J. O. DANIELS, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. David Magill, Mr. THOMAS BELL, to Miss MARGARET, daughter of John Malseed, Esq. both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JAMES WHITAKER, to Miss MARY HOUGHTON, both of this city.

On the 27th March, by the Rev. J. B. Anderson, Mr. GEORGE B. TINEMAN, to Miss HANNAH ALLEN, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Fogelbach, GEORGE C. RATTINGER, to LEBEN M. daughter of F. L. Newkirk, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH ARTHUR, to Miss SERENA YOUNG, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Minersville, Schuylkill county, on the morning of the 30th ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of Newsom Baker, in her 78th year.

On the 7th instant, JOHN G. GEBEL, Sr. aged 79.

On the 8th instant, JAMES, son of Jacob Hellerman, aged 18 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. JOHN APPLEGATE, aged 70.

On the 8th instant, Mr. THOMAS M. LOUGHEAD, aged 33 years.

On the 8th instant, MARY STOKES.

On the 8th instant, Mr. JAMES H. SHANDEY, aged 28 years.

On the 9th instant, MARTHA, wife of A. McCoy, aged 29 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH SCOTT, aged 79 years.

On the 7th instant, ANN JANE, wife of Wm. De Brust, aged 44 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH WILSON, aged 58 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr CHARLES SIMMS, aged 42.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARY, wife of F. W. Baker, aged 43 years.

JOHN C. MEAD & SONS,
Manufacturers of
SILVER PLATED WARE
OF RICHEST PATTERNS,
Equal in Finish and Style
TO SOLID SILVER,
North-East Corner Ninth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. my1-13t

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	104	—
" " '67	114	—
" " '68	114	—
" " '83	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct	94½	94½
" " new	99½	100
" 5 "	90	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'y City 6 pr ct	80	—
" County "	—	—
All'y co R R 6's	40	—
Penn "	—	—
" 5 "	93½	93½
" " coupon	93½	93½
Tenn 6 pr ct	92	92½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6's	85½	86
Penn R R 6 pr ct	99½	100
2d m'rt loan '82	83½	84
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	77	80
P G & N R R "	97	—
Reading R R "	74½	75
" m'rt "	90	91
" 6 pr ct '70	88½	90
Lehigh V 6 pr ct	87	92
Ches Val R R "	98	98
Tioga R R "	80	—
Phil Wil & Bal.		
'60 R R 6 pr ct	93½	94½
Long I R R "	72	78
Sch Nav '82 "	89½	90
Lehigh Nav "	97½	98
Mort "	99	100
C & D C "	78	80
Sus & Del '78 "	86	86½
Union Canal	20½	21½
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	68	68½
2d " 7 pr ct	—	80
Catawissa "	—	40
North Pa 6 pr ct	57½	57½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	99	100
Penna	44½	44½
Sus Meadow	53½	53½
North Penna	9½	9½

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & Nor	42	42½
Reading	20½	21
Minehill	53	54
Har & Lan	56½	56
Ches Val	34	35
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	31½	32
Long Island	11½	11½
Williamsport & Elm	10½	11
Cattawissa	61	70
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	8½	9
" preferred	13	13½
Lehigh Nav	49½	50
Morris Consol'd	40	45
" preferred	99	99½
C & Del	40	45
Union	4	5
Sus & Tidewater	—	4
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	132½	133½
Phila	108½	109
Far & Mec	57	57½
Commercial	45½	46½
N Liberty	55	—
Mechanics	36½	36½
Southwark	90	95
P Township	34	35
Kensington	34½	—
Girard	10½	11
Western	55½	60
Man & Mech	25½	25½
Commerce	82	83
Tradesman's	60	—
City	40	47½
Consolidation	23	24
Commonwealth	20	20½
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	38	39
M & M Pitts	30	35
Ex'se Pitts	54	—
Kentucky	113½	—
Northern Ky	113	—
Louisville, Ky	115	—
Farmers, Ky	152	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	100	100
Plant's, Tenn	102	—
Com & Exch	7	7½
N O Gas Lt	150	—

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS.
SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED, an AGENT in every County, to engage in the sale of Three New Works, Beautifully illustrated, entitled "MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY CLAY," giving a full history of Mr. Clay's Life, Speeches, &c. Subscription price $2,00. "THE LAND WE LIVE IN; or, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA." Price $3,50, and "HOWARD'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE," containing over 1,000 large octavo pages, Price $4,00. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, sent on application.
Address DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
je19-tf 33 South THIRD St., Philadelphia.

WANTED, AGENTS, to Sell a Fine Steel Plate Engraving of the Crucifixion. Engraved by McRae. The Engraving will be sold wholly by Canvassers. The exclusive sale for Towns or Counties can be secured by early application. For particulars, address
D. H. MULFORD,
je12-4t 167 Broadway, New York.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO BOOK BUYERS!!!

AGENTS WANTED,

To form Clubs in Every Town and Village in the United States.

To whom a larger commission will be given than can be had from any other house. New descriptive catalogues (just issued) mailed free to any address, containing all the popular works of the day, classified in the following order:—

Annuals and Presentation Books,	History and Travels, &c
Agricultural Works,	Juvenile Works,
Bibles, Prayer & Hymn Books,	Law Books,
Biographical Works,	Musical Books,
Botanical Works,	Miscellaneous Works,
Classical and Philosophical Works,	Medical Books,
Cookery, Domestic Economy, &c.,	Natural History,
Dictionaries and Lexicons,	Odd Fellowship & Freemasonry,
Fiction, (Works of)	Poetical Works,
Geographical Books,	Phrenological Works,
German Books,	Religious, Biblical and Theological Works,
	School Books,
	Scientific Works,
	Sports and Pastimes.

☞ Send for a Catalogue. Address
G. G. EVANS, Publisher,
je19-3m 439 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS.—The Subscriber will dispose of, at reduced prices, the entire stock of Fine Monuments, Statuary, Head and Foot-stones, &c., &c., at the Marble-Yard, 1825 Arch St., west of 18th.
my29-4t WM. H. MOORE.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of FINE WATCHES and JEWELRY, at greatly reduced prices. SILVER WARE in great variety, warranted equal to coin. All orders by mail promptly attended to.
C

Wit and Humor.

WILD CAT.

A gentleman having in his possession ten or twelve hundred dollars on a certain banking institution away out West, went up to the counter, one fine morning, and addressed the teller in the following language:

"Good-morning, sir. Beautiful weather, sir. Ahem! I have something over a thousand dollars worth of your money in my pocket. Do you redeem?"

The teller says—

"Good-morning, sir;" smiles blandly, and answers—"We redeem, sir, but we do not pay specie."

"Do not pay specie, hey? Suspended, I suppose?"

"Suspended"

"What do you redeem them with?" was the next question.

"With bills on the other banks," replied the clerk, most pleasantly.

"And those, I presume, are also non-specie paying banks?"

"Very probably they are, sir," bowing very politely.

"Well, then, what kind of bills can you give me?"

"Most any kind, sir. Give you Red Cat."

"Can't stand it."

"Well, then, how's Gray Cat?"

"Wouldn't give a straw for a barrel of it."

"What do you say to Black Cat?"

"Tain't worth a cuss!"

"Well, I'll try and accommodate you with White Cat."

"It wouldn't be any accommodation at all. I don't want your infernal Wild Cat money—neither Red Cat, Gray Cat, Black Cat, White Cat, or Tom Cat. I wouldn't use it to litter a horse with. Haven't you got some money on Eastern banks?"

"No, sir;" softly and very polite—"Eastern banks are principally specie paying institutions."

"If not Eastern, then, have you bills on any other banks that do pay specie?"

"No, sir," bowing most courteously.

"Well, then, (drawing his package from his pocket with a desperate expression of countenance,) *can you give me tolerably executed counterfeit bills on any bank that does pay specie?*"

"No, sir," very loud, and looks as if he felt insulted.

THE COUNSELLOR POSED.

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, June, 1833, between certain publishing tweedledums and tweedledees, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the "Old English Gentleman"—an old English air, by the by—Tom Cooke, the composer, was subpœned as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, for the opposite side, that learned counsel rather flippantly questioned him thus:

"Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean by that, sir?"

To this Tom promptly answered—

"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes were different."

Sir James. "What is a musical accent?"

Cooke. "My terms are a guinea a lesson, sir" (A loud laugh.)

Sir James, (rather ruffled.) "Never mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?"

Cooke. "No."

Sir James. "Can you feel it?"

Cooke. "A musician can." (Great laughter.)

Sir James, (very angry.) "Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship (Lord Denman, who was the judge that tried the cause) and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

Cooke. "Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an *ass*,' it rests on ass; but if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Re-iterated shouts of laughter, by the whole court in which the bench itself joined, followed this repartee. Silence having been at length obtained, the judge, with much seeming gravity accosted the chop-fallen counsel thus:

Lord Denman. "Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James (who *deep red* as he naturally was, to use poor Jack Reeve's own words, had become *scarlet* in more than name,) in a great huff, said—"The witness may go down!"

And go down he did, amidst renewed laughter, in which all joined, particularly the learned brothers, except one, who didn't see any joke in the matter.

A DUTCHMAN'S IDEA OF HEREDITARY GOUT.—An old friend, a distinguished and ex-war minister, resident in Pennsylvania, tells a good story of a Dutch neighbor of his who had the gout, and was greatly puzzled to know how he came by it.

"What is the matter with you, my friend?" inquired the judge, who had called in to see his sick neighbor.

"Vell, I don't know chudge—dey say it ish *de cout*—but vy should *I* have de cout? I lives blain; I don't eat doo much nor drinks doo much; vy should I have de cout?"

"Perhaps," suggested the judge, "it is hereditary?"

"Vell," replied the invalid, with the look of a man who has been suddenly enlightened on a difficult subject—"Vell, I guess it ish *hereditary*—I remember *my wife's uncle* had de cout."

The judge is of opinion that a good many of the hereditary gouts of the present day will have to be traced in the Dutchman's mode of lineage, in order to make out the descent.

☞ The Raleigh Register, acknowledging the receipt of a bottle of brandy forty-eight years old, says, "This brandy is so old that we very much fear that it cannot live much longer."

A TOUGH STORY.—An exchange tells a story of the escape of Bishop Caper's catechism from condemnation in Russell county Alabama, a certain hard shell preacher having taking alarm at some of its doctrines. The elder had things his own way in the meeting against the catechism until B——, seated away back, a wide-awake and very shrewd man, spoke out: "Sir, do you know that you are speaking and inveighing against the laws of your country? You have read the title page of the catechism; now read what's on the other side of that leaf, if you please."

Reads: "Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year of our Lord 1847, by John Early."

"There," continued B——, who, to the confusion and dismay of the elder, followed up his advantage before the congregation; 'you see that book has passed both Houses of Congress, and been duly authorized, and here you are trying to raise up the people against it."

The elder felt his position an awkward one for a good citizen—gave it up—the catechism was victorious! Is was a paper bullet, but brought down the game.

Afterward B—— was complimented, in company of friends, on having found an argument, though no argument at all, that fitted the calibre of his antagonist and saved the case. "Hush! now," said he, imploringly: "I really thought at the time it was a sound argument, and that both Houses of Congress had approved the Catechism."

DELICATE QUESTIONING.—In one of the larger country towns of Massachusetts, a few weeks since, a young gallant invited one of his lady friends to go with him on the Sabbath to a small gathering of worshippers of the Episcopal persuasion, and while standing in the entry with one of his friends, one of the "pillars of the church" came along, and wanted to know *if they were the couple that were going to have a child baptized?* This was too much for human nature, and the young spark left the church and went into a Catholic chapel near by, where no better fate awaited him; for he had scarcely arrived, when the priest stepped up and asked him *if he was the young man that was to be married?*

These questions would certainly indicate an extraordinary amount of "interesting" business on hand at the churches alluded to.—*Salem Gazette.*

SOLVENCY VS. INSOLVENCY.—Such is the pernicious influence of the unsound monetary system in the United States, that the very rivers are imitating the example of the inhabitants, and breaking their banks in all directions. The last news was, that the Mississippi had set up such a run on its banks that they had given way under the pressure, and the consequence has been the swallowing up of all the landed property within hundreds of miles. Financial doctors, who don't believe in specie payments point with triumph to the case, as proving that the most extensive derangement of the currency is not only consistent with, but may actually be caused by, the too great solvency of the banks.—*London Punch.*

HOW LADIES MAY AVOID TELLING THEIR AGE.—Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions, asked, "What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion and said, "I do not like to tell my age; not that I have any objection to its being known, and I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mrs. S., "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objections to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The ruse took, and the question was not pressed.

Agricultural.

GREASING THE CHICKENS.

We have seen good farmers' wives, or more properly, farmers' good wives, in order to prevent lice from infesting and injuring young chickens, put a pretty liberal amount of grease upon their heads. This undoubtedly has the desired effect, as far as preventing this kind of vermin from attaching themselves to the heads of the chickens; but they will undoubtedly live and thrive on other parts of the young chick's body.

We have, however, recently seen a communication in the Country Gentleman, signed "Old Housekeeper," from Madison, in Georgia, who gives a more economical way of oiling chickens than the above. "When my hens," says she, "come off with their chickens, the same day I grease the hen under the wings and on the upper sides of the wings, making them quite wet with the grease, and all over the breast, neck, and head. At the end of three or four weeks, I give the chickens a greasing like the one I gave the mother, only not on the breast, and have no more trouble—can raise them by the hundreds. Any sort of soft grease will answer; lard or pot liquor grease will do."

She goes on to say, "I feed turkeys on curds, shallots, and onion tops. Grease the mother turkey as you do the hens, and treat the young turkeys like the chickens, and your markets will be well supplied with poultry."

We suppose that in addition to the greasing on the outside as recommended above, it will not do to neglect the *greasing* within with suitable food, to be converted into good solid fat bone, and muscle, to say nothing of a good coat of feathers.

Indian corn cracked or made into meal is very excellent for the latter business.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE SEX OF EGGS.—M. Genin has addressed the Academie des Sciences on this subject. He says he is able, after three years' study, to state with assurance that all eggs containing the germs of males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while female eggs are equally smooth at both extremities.

VINES AMONG CORN.—The best bug preventive for cucumbers, and perhaps other vines, is to plant them between the rows of corn.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

A FACT.

MISTRESS.—"I think, cook, we must part this day week."

COOK *(in astonishment).*—"Why, ma'am? I am sure I've let you 'ave your own way in most everything!"

WORK FOR JUNE.

HAY-MAKING.—Crops of clover and orchard grass will be ready for harvest early in the month. The fit time for cutting clover is when about one-half of the blossoms have turned brown. It is especially important, however, with this crop, to take time by the forelock, and if opportunity and weather permit, it is well to begin earlier.

The succulency of clover makes it hard to cure well, and from bad curing, clover hay has got an ill-repute, which it by no means deserves. It is needless to say that the hay-making requires the utmost care and diligence to bring it to a speedy conclusion. Cure in good swarths thrown lightly up, that the air may penetrate, and with as little exposure as may be to the scorching sun. Should rain threaten, even that which is least cured may be safely put into small cocks laid lightly up. Some persons prefer curing altogether in such cocks. The leaves and finer portions of the plants are better preserved, the stems go through a gentle fermentation, and the necessary handling and exposure on an airy day in taking it to the stack or house, cures it sufficiently. The principal objection to this method is, that it takes too long time, and prevents that despatch in getting important jobs off-hand, which is very desirable.

WHEAT.—TIME OF CUTTING.—The most important direction on this point is to be ready for the work whenever the work is ready for you; and then be watchful and ascertain by your personal examination in the field, the very earliest period at which you may begin. It is hard to estimate the worth of a day, should the weather become unpropitious; but under favorable weather, there is loss both in the quantity and quality of the grain, by allowing it to be overripe. When the grain gets into the dough-state it is safe to cut it.

On the other hand, do not be tempted by undue haste to cut so green as to cause the grain to shrivel. There is a right time for every thing, and with these hints for your guide, tax your own care and watchfulness to find out just when that time is.

HARVEST FORCE AND IMPLEMENTS.—Look out immediately for the aid you may want at harvest, and let it be abundant. It is much safer to have your grain down in two days, than to keep it on hand a week; and it is better to secure at once double the force necessary than to have one hand less than you require.—Have the tools and implements all in the best condition for work.

POTATOES.—Potatoes not yet planted should be put in early this month. Many persons, however, choose to delay planting as late as the last of June. Our friend Judge Brewer, near Annapolis, plants this crop after cutting off a crop of clover from the ground. His method is to plant in every third row as the land is ploughed. This necessarily delays the planting till late in June. The general experience, however, is in favor of earlier planting, and we are always disposed to get the crop in by the last week of May.

CUTTING SEED.—Gerald Howatt, an experienced potato grower in New Jersey, recommends very strongly to cut the potatoes in pieces having but a single eye. It requires much less seed, and the potatoes grow larger and are more productive in his opinion. He cuts the potatoes a month before planting, and spreads them on a floor in the light, where the cut heels and the potato withers. At planting time the eye will have started so plainly, he says, that you have assurance of the set growing off immediately, when put in the ground. We prefer medium-sized whole potatoes.

RUTA BAGA.—This is, on the whole, the root best suited to our Middle States and Southern agriculture. It is excellent for stock feeding; the time of sowing and working in at a more convenient period than that of others, and the necessary cultivation much less. It may be sown the last week of June, or not until the first week of August. Have the ground so far in readiness as to be able to take advantage of a rain, and sow the seed at any time after the 1st of July. The 15th of that month is perhaps the best time.

Should it happen that the ground on which you would sow the ruta baga is occupied with another crop, or for any other reason the ground cannot be got in readiness in proper time to raise a crop from the seed, sow them in beds and transplant when the ground is ready and the plants large enough. They thrive better than cabbage plants on being set out.—It is less labor to transplant than to thin a crop from the seed, and the plants are set at more regular distances than they have ordinarily.

The crop is better raised in drills than broadcast, it can be manured more economically, worked more conveniently, and will yield a heavier crop.

Open drills three feet apart, and strew the manure in the furrow. Throw furrows over this from each side, making a ridge. Strike this ridge down with the hoe, so as to leave a good surface on which to sow the seed. Good composts of any farm manures are suitable to this crop. They should have been well prepared, and not too strawy. As regards bought manures, according to English experience, the super-phosphates should be the most economical. Three to four hundred pounds of mixed Peruvian and Mexican Guanos we think more reliable.

Wet the seed (but do not soak) in very thin tar or glue water, and dry in plaster. This preparation will help the young plants at starting, and the plaster in sowing will show whether the seed be distributed over the ground. A pound of seed is sufficient for the acre.—We prefer a careful hand, to the seed drill, for sowing.

ONIONS.—If the tops of onions grow very luxuriantly, and the bulbs do not form, press the tops gently to one side, bending them down to check the flow of sap. Weed very carefully to avoid disturbing the bulb; and in working draw no earth to them.

Apricot, nectarine, plum and peach trees should be well thinned of their extra fruit.—There is a great tendency to over-bearing, and the quality of the fruit is wonderfully improved by diminishing the quantity judiciously. When the fruit is punctured by the insect and falls off, it should be gathered from under the tree and thrown to the hogs. A gentle shaking occasionally to get rid of such, will not be amiss.

GRAPES.—Stop the shoots before the bunches of grapes, and train up wood for next year's bearing, pinching it off at proper length.—*American Farmer, Baltimore.*

HOW TO EXTIRPATE THE APPLE-TREE WORM FROM ORCHARDS.—A Dutchman in our neighborhood does this most effectually. He provides himself with a basket, ladder and leather gloves. He then ascends the tree, taking advantage of the time when the worms are all in. He moves about among the branches, rolling up by hand each nest with its contents, and deposits it in his basket. In a few minutes the work is accomplished, when he descends with his weight or freight of worm nests.—Passing through an orchard in this way, he does up the business for years to come. Some orchards in our neighborhood, which had for several years in succession been denuded of foliage, have been almost entirely relieved by one thorough cleaning out in this manner. One man can pass through a good-sized orchard in a day, and the benefits conferred will bear no comparison with the trifling expense incurred.

One of the most prolific sources of the apple tree worm, is the existence of a few black cherry trees scattered about the farm. The worm prefers this tree even to the apple.—These trees serve as nurseries for worms, where millions are annually bred without molestation. Every such tree growing along the fences about the farm, should be cut down without reserve.—*Country Gentleman.*

SIGNS OF A GOOD APPLE CROP.—Some years since, an old gentleman entered the orchard of his neighbor, in the month of May, when the trees were in full bloom, and the trees generally filled with blossoms. After making a circuit of the orchard, he remarked:—"Well, I see that you are to have but few apples this year." Pointing to one full of blossoms—"You will have none on that tree." Pointing to another, equally full—"You will have a peck on that." Then to another—"You may have five bushels on that." Keeping a note of his remarks, it was found in the autumn that his predictions were correct. On inquiry for indications, he said that *red* apple-blossoms indicated fruit, and *white* did not. The general redness of the blossoms this season is a good omen.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

A NEW WAY TO BRING UP THE COWS.—Travelling a few days in Missouri, in sections where the cows have a wide range, we heard a new enticement to bring the cows home regular at eve. That was, feeding them with sugar the same as you would salt. A little handful at eve, at the same time of day, would bring them back to the gate with a regularity as unfailing as the sun. After they are well trained in sugar eating, it may be omitted every other night. A half dozen notable housewives assured me that the fact was well worth knowing.—*Ohio Farmer.*

MEASURING CORN IN THE CRIB.

In the Cultivator for January, p. 13, I find an article from "W. H. C.," on measuring corn in the crib. Said article was written to show that a rule which the writer had seen in the Saturday Evening Post, was not correct. The rule was to multiply the cubic feet contents of the crib by 4½, and cut off the right hand figure, which would give the bushels of shelled corn.

As I have seen the above rule credited to the Prairie Farmer, I conclude it is calculated more particularly for the West, where they reckon two bushels of shelled corn for every three bushels of ears. The rule certainly is not correct when it requires two bushels of ears for one of shelled corn. Nor is the rule given by your correspondent (W. H. C.) correct by a long way, as I think I shall show. He gives the true number of bushels a crib would contain, of *struck-measure*: but he seems to have lost sight of the fact that in this section (Pennsylvania) in the State of New York, and so on East, we have to give rounding or heaping measure.

He gives the true amount in the crib (struck or even measure,) as 1 285.7 bushels ears.—Now, deduct one-fifth (which is the rule here), for allowance for rounding the half-bushel, and we have 1,028.6 bushels of ears, or 514 3 bushels shelled corn; 514.3. then, would be very near the number of bushels of shelled corn in a crib of the dimensions he gives, from the kind of corn we raise here. The reason will be seen by multiplying the cubic feet (1,600) by the number of inches in a cubic foot (1,728), and dividing by the number of inches in a bushel (2,150 42), which gives the contents, (1,285.7) struck measure. Then deduct the allowance (1-5=257.1) for rounding the measure, and you have the number of bushels of ears (1,028 6), one-half of which (514.3) would be the number of bushels shelled corn.

The rule laid down by W. H. C., is to deduct one-fifth from the cubic feet contents of the crib. To use the example he gives: Thus—20x10x8=1,600 feet—deduct 1-5—320—1,280 bushels ears, or 640 bushels shelled corn.

By the rule given in the Post to multiply the cubic feet contents by 4½, thus: 20x10x8=1,600 feet—1,600x4½=7,200: cutting off the right hand figure gives 720 bushels shelled corn. Assuming this to be reckoned at three bushels of ears to two of shelled corn, then to reduce it to our standard, we must multiply the 720 by 3, and divide by 2, to get the number of bushels of ears, thus: 720x3=2,160—2=1,080 bushels of ears, or 540 bushels shelled corn. Here, again, we have too much, though this comes much nearer than the rule given by the Post, or by W. H. C.

Now, to recapitulate, we have, first: by actual contents, calculating by the number of inches, and allowing one-fifth for rounding measure, 514.3 bushels; by W. H. C.'s rule, 640 bushels; by the rule in the Post, 720 bushels: reducing the latter to our standard, 540 bushels.

Here, you perceive, is a wide difference.—The first and last being the nearest to each other, and the first, *I think*, the nearest of any.

Now, were I to give a rule that would be simple, and at the same time nearly correct, it would be nearly as follows: Multiply the cubic feet contents by 3½, and cut off the right hand figure, and you have the number of bushels of shelled corn near enough for practical purposes, though it may be a little too much. To use the same example as above, thus: 20x10x8=1,600 x3½=5,200; cutting off the right hand figure gives 520 bushels.

A very little observation will serve to test the correctness of this rule. Of all things, I hate to see a farmer cheat—or deceive, if you like the word better—himself in estimating his crops. As truth is what you and your readers wish to get at, I have ventured to write the above.

N B.—If your corn is green, or if it has not settled in the crib, it will be safer to multiply by 3 1-5.—J. F. OVENSHIRE, in *Country Gentleman.*

RE-SHINGLING OLD ROOFS.—Mr. J. T. Adams, in the *National Era*, gives the following directions:—"Whenever a roof begins to leak, and you wish to re-shingle it, do not take off the old shingles—put the new shingles on the top of the old ones—but make use of six-penny nails in place of four-penny or shingle nails. The advantage of this method will consist in the following particulars:—1st. You will save the expense of removing the shingles. 2nd. The building will not be exposed to wet, in case of rain, before it is finished. 3rd. The roof will be much warmer and tighter. 4th. Neither snow nor rain can beat under the butts of the shingles, by heavy winds. 5th. The roof will last good full one-third longer. I have tried this plan, and find it has these advantages. It takes no more shingles, no more nails in number—only a little longer—and no more time to put them on, and, if done in a workmanlike manner, will look as well as if single. But it should be done before the old shingles are too much decayed. All the moss (if any) should be removed, or swept off with a stiff broom, before putting on the new shingles."

SUPPOSED FABLES.—My friend Mr. C—— told me that formerly when horses of Indian breed were extensively employed in the British army of India, it was no rare occurrence for a horse to kill his *seis*, or any other person he could get at. In some cases they literally tore their victims to pieces with their teeth. By the way, this is another among several instances, in which from ignorance things have been considered entirely fabulous, when an extension of our knowledge has shown them to be literally or substantially true. Thus the flying dragon, for a long time regarded as one of the wildest poetic fictions, is proved by paleontology to have had a literal existence in the *Pterodactylus*; and the horses of Diomede, (not the Homeric hero,) who were represented as devouring human flesh, were very probably not a fiction, but only a slight exaggeration of the truth, such an exaggeration as honest men often fall into unintentionally—especially when under the influence of fear, or when prevented by any cause from a thorough investigation of the subject.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 66 letters.

My 5, 31, 59, 48, 8, 21, is a country in Europe.
My 24, 7, 3, 4, 33, is a country in Europe.
My 9, 10, 11, 38, 58, is a sea in Asia.
My 43, 2, 32, 15, 30, 37, is a river in Africa.
My 1, 9, 36, 20, 55, is a lake in Africa.
My 45, 3, 21, 66, 49, is one of the West Indies.
My 62, 14, 63, 30, 52, 58, 5, 13, is a river in the United States.
My 26, 54, 42, 40, 30, 26, is a lake in New York.
My 50, 58, 7, 53, 65, 52, 15, 18, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 13, 58 34, 23, is a county in Georgia.
My 29, 59, 56, 35, is a county in Arkansas.
My 45, 58, 51, 47, is a county in Alabama.
My 6, 7, 24, 17, 27, 2, is a county in Texas.
My 19, 16, 12, 28, 24, is a county in Indiana.
My 22, 8, 2, 13, 41, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 39, 8, 64, 37, 29, 16, 5, is a county in Massachusetts.
My 25, 43, 44, 1, is a county in Missouri.
My whole is a proverb.

Danville, Pa. CHARLES C. WALTER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 6, 12, 17, 9, is found in Wisconsin.
My 9, 7, 9, 24, was Queen of Carthage.
My 3, 21, 13, 12, was a Roman Emperor.
My 14, 21, 8, 18, 5, 10, 24, 3, is the name of a living poet.
My 24, 14, 1, 7, was one of the kings in Europe.
My 10, 14, 17, 25, 21, is an eminent American authoress.
My 7, 10, 19, 17, 24, 9, is an American poetess.
My 3, 17, 4, 14, 12, 18, is an English poetess.
My 16, 5, 9, 18, 2, 5, was a martyr to liberty in England.
My 8, 12, 16, 22, 10, frequently appears on the breakfast-table.
My 11, 12, 24, 9, is a prominent man in New York city.
My 15, 2, 13, 12, was a beautiful priestess.
My 20, 2, 16, 23, 12, 6, is a word of contempt.
My whole is a celebrated living poet.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Through sunny lands my *first* does flow,
Mid groves of olive trees,
Its banks are seldom white with snow,
Or chilled by frosty breeze.

When the sailor's on the deep, blue sea,
He loves his ship to steer;
And when he sees the forest tree,
He knows my *second's* near.

My *whole's* a country much oppressed,
Beneath a tyrant's sway;
Its wrongs will surely be redressed,
When dawns a better day.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Erase my 2, 3, 4, 5, and I am in every prison.
Erase my 4, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am the name of a bird.
Erase my 1, 5, 7, 8, and I am a noted city of Europe.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, 4, and I belong to nearly every farm-house.
Erase my 1, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I inhabit the ground.
Erase my 1, 5, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am an adverb.
Erase my 2, 5, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a verb.
Erase my 3, 4, 7, 8, and transpose, and I belong to a vessel.
My whole was a renowned English lawyer.

ANAGRAMS

On the Names of Counties in Pennsylvania.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Recent.	O! my wing.
Foster.	Lot fun.
Some Rest.	Wear lead.
Warner.	O I tag.
No more.	Our mont.

Centreville, Pa. J. E. WILT.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain man dying left five sons—viz.: A, B, C, D, and E: and ordered in his last will, that his eldest three sons A B, and C should get out of his estate 31 parts. That his three middle sons, B, C, and D, should get out of his estate 37 parts. That his youngest three sons, C, D, and E, should get out of his estate 46 parts. He moreover said it was his meaning that his eldest son A, together with his middle son C, and youngest son E, should get 40 parts, and that B should get 1 part more than A, and that C should get 7 parts less than E. Now after the estate was divided according to the father's will, it was found that if we subtract A's share from B's, using the difference for a divisor, and multiply D's share by E's, using this product for a dividend, the quotient thereof is $62700. What was the amount of the whole estate, and how much did each son get?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the gift of a young lady's affections always doubtful? Ans.—Because they are misgivings.

☞ When was beef-tea first introduced into England? Ans.—When Henry VIII. dissolved the papal bull.

☞ What is it that causes a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor? Ans.—A draft.

☞ THE LATEST ATROCITY.—Why is a gardener like a proud farmer? Ans.—Because he is a *haughty culturist.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—The Siamese Twins. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Czar Peter Alexiowits. CHARADE—Caroline (Line-O !-Car.) CHARADE—Hartford. RIDDLE—Honest. ANAGRAMS—Ewington, Newton, Moline, Rock Island, Shawneetown, Metamora, Delavan, Cambridge, Oswego, Fairfield, Jonesboro, Rushville. PROBLEM—160 square miles.

J. L. gives 760 feet as the answer to the Arithmetical Question published May 15th.

☞ Gribbins is a neat fellow. He says he can't spare time to take a bath; besides, it costs money for soap and towels. We asked him how he managed to keep clean (?) "Oh," said he, with a highly inventive smirk, "I sandpaper myself every Christmas."